TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

MRS. HAYES.

BY EDWIN J. TUELL.

I.

She saw great sorrow, want and strife,
The scum of woes, a drunkard's life,
The bloated form, the bloodshot eye,
The couch with demons blinking nigh,
And hissing serpents coiling round
The writhing limbs their spirals bound.

II.

She saw the wife, oh! sight forlorn!
A rose by howling tempest torn;
Deep furrows coursed the brow where kiss
Of love once dwelt in tranquil bliss;
A winsome maiden, when she wed,
Now weeps o'er joys forever fled.

III.

She saw fond mothers bending low
O'er smiling infants pure as snow,
Beseeching God to guard and save
Their darlings from a drunkard's grave.

IV.

She saw frail children in the street,
'Mid piercing winds and cutting sleet,
With garments rent in ev'ry fold,
All pinched with hunger, numb with cold,
Imploring bread from door to door,
To nourish ma'ry one day more.

V.

Sweet Virtue met her startled gaze:
Where were her smiles, and joyous lays,
That erst had charmed the ear and eye,
As some loved songster of the sky?
The "ruby wine" had done its work;
Her heav'nly smile was but a smirk;
Revolting oaths, a sin-marked face—
An angel lost in deep disgrace.

VI.

She knew how man is wont to look
To places high, as to a book,
Wherein to find a ready guide
To Fashion's throne of pomp and pride.

VII.

She said to Fashion: "Heartless belle,
Your reign I loathe! Your harlot spell
More evil brings than plague or war,
Or aught on earth that men abhor.

VIII.

"Your blind beliefs are potent plans
For strewing blight o'er happy lands;
Your gay colors are tigers' lairs,
Embowered pitfalls, deadly snares,
Enticing age and blooming youth
From paths of virtue, hope, and truth.

IX.

"Before your shrine I will not bow;
At Jesus' feet I make this vow:
While in the White House I abide,
I'll work and pray to stem the tide
Of Bacchus and his reeling horde;
No wine shall stain the Nation's board."

X.

She kept her vow; let peans sound
O'er land and sea the world around!
The fame of her who dared defy
The lock of Fashion, ne'er shall die!
We'll drink her health with water pure:
Long may our Temp'rance Queen endure!
And when she's done with earthly things,
May her pure soul on seraph wings,
Redeemed from man's polluted state,
Be wafted through the golden gate!

Rantoul, Ill., April 19, 1881.

Our Story Teller.

Written For the Blade.

MORE PANGS AND FEARS

Than Wars or Women Have.

BY JOHN M'ELROY.

CHAPTER VIII.

Beds were improvised of such blankets and bearskins as the cabin afforded, on the rough puncheon floor, before the fire of cedar logs, which crackled and sparkled in the great wide fireplace, and soon they were all sleeping that sound, dreamless slumber which in youth follows the fatigue of body and mind.

"What did Col. Pennington do?" asked Jimmy Stimson, at dawn the next morning.

He had waked up long before. Lying there upon a bearskin, covered with a single blanket, his limbs aching from the unusual exertion of the day before, his brain whirling with the remembrance of all the exciting events he had witnessed and participated in, he had watched the dying embers in the great fire-place; he had studied the rude timbers and appointments of the cabin in the distortion of the chill half-lights till they assumed unnatural forms, as if belonging to the den of some mountain goblin; and he had thought more intensely in an hour than he had in all of his previous life.

What he had done the day before he had done in the excitement of desperate occasion. He had been borne along by the overmastering will of the Kentuckian, which left him so opportunity of thinking for himself.

He knew that in the trade of war it is necessary to slay men; his reading of the history of our country, taught him that this was frequently done by sharpshooters hanging around the flanks of the enemy's main body, but after all this method of warfare seemed to him skulking murder, that his conscience could not approve of, and the looks on the faces of the slain men haunted him. It was terrible to think of sending them to their accounts as if by a lightning stroke. He feared that he would never be able to forget, that

Neither poppy nor mandragora
Nor all the drowsy syrups of this world

could banish from his future dreams the remembrance of the Rebel Colonel as he sank in death. He was sure there was indelibly photographed on his mind that indescribable relaxation of all the muscles at once, that follows a fatal shot through the brain, and which is more appalling to the spectator than any violent struggle with death would be; he thought he had seen a whole life-time of agony look out of the Colonel's eyes, as a lightning flash reveals a wide landscape. He thought everything that a sensitive, high strung boy thinks upon his first rude introduction to the real horrors of war. He became afraid to be alone longer with his terrible thoughts, and waited anxiously for some of his heavily breathing companions to awaken.

Jim Fortner was the first to show indications of his slumbers being concluded. He rolled over heavily, snored explosively, and then sat bolt upright, rubbing his eyes and blinking owlishly at the dying embers in the fireplace.

"What had Col. Pennington done?" repeated Jimmy, as his first asking of the question seemed to be unheeded.

"Eh? I must fling some more wood on the fire. I'm colder nor the north side o' Christmas.'

"Let me put the wood on," said Jimmy, glad of the diversion it afforded. He pushed the chunks together and heaped upon them sticks of cedar from the pile in the corner. The light wood caught instantly, and flamed up into a cheerful blaze that filled the whole cabin with its ruddy glow.

Fortner continued to sit upright and rub his eyes, as if collecting his scattered thoughts.

"What had Col. Pennington done?" repeated Jimmy as he swept the ashes and coals back off the hearth with a hickory broom, and replaced that utensil in the corner.

"What'd he done?" repeated Fortner, spitting vindictively at the fire, as if it were a Rebel, and filling his mouth with a great chew of tobacco; 'what'd he done? Why, jes' *everything*. He was jes' the wust man ever born of woman, he wuz."

This comprehensive denunciation was not satisfactory. Jimmy wanted specifications.

"But what particular thing had he done to make you follow him up and kill him as you did?"

"It don't take as much to make me foller a man to his grave as it does some men," said Fortner meditatively crunching his tobacco, "but I'd enough to provoke agin Kunnel Pennington to make me foller 40 sich men till I killed 'em. But I'm sorry I shot him now."

"Why, is it possible?" gasped Jimmy, as there flashed into his mind the utter impossibility of retrieving that error by recalling the dead to life. "What can you do about it?"

"Nothin'. I can't do nothin', I wuz so afeared that I would't hev another chance at him, that I settled him, then and thar, instid of gettin' all the revenge I could outen him."

"I don't understand you."

"Why, shootin' a man through the head ain't much toward gettin' even with him. It don't hurt much; the man don't know what's killed him, nur who killed him, nur what's it's fur. I'd a' gin anything to've hed Kunnel Pennington lived long enough to know who shot him, an' what it wuz fur. That's why I whistled to make him turn round, and look me in the face. I wuz in hopes he'd recognize me."

"He couldn't have done so. Death came instantly."

"D'ye think so? What I oughter've done wuz to've shot off his left arm fust, and then watch for him again, an' take off a leg, an' then at last come up to him, speak to him, let him know for certain who I was, and shoot him through the bowels, so's he'd not die for a week, yet know all the time that he had to."

"But you haven't told me yet what he did to make you so bitter against him."

"Hevn't I, rayly?"

"No, indeed, and I'm awful anxious to hear it."

"Well," very slowly, and with a growing sadness, "hit's not a story that I'm fond o' tellin,' bekase hit riles me to the very backbone, an' makes me sorry that I aint a hundred men to revenge myself as I should on these pizen hellhounds. To begin with, I was raised on the Laurel River, over nigh to London. Kunnel Pennington's father, the ole Jedge Pennington, wuz in them days the richest man in all the mounting country. He owned about all the rich land in the Cumberland bottoms 'bove the mouth of the Rockcastle, more niggers than he knowed what to do with, and at Cumberland Ford hed the finest big brick house that I ever seed outside o' Danville. All the brick an' things to build it were hauled clean from Crab Orchard, an' it jes cost him more hard silver money than I ever supposed there wus in the hull country. An' he lived thar, with his niggers, and his friends comin' to see him, from Lexington an' Danville an' Somerset, jes' like ez ef he wuz a king. He looked down onto us pore mounting folks very much ez I do onto a lot of wuthless razor backed hogs. They ain't even ez good ez cattle,' I heerd him say in his high an' mighty way once, ez he wuz ridin' slowly along with one of his citified friends, 'For cattle air wuth *something* to *somebody*, while these people ain't no good to themselves nor no body else.' Wunst he throwed me a silver dollar, the same's ef he wuz throwin' a nubbin' o' corn to a hog, fur helpin' git his hoss's leg outen a hole, whar hit'd got stuck. I looked at the money a minnit, and then gin hit a touch with my toe that sent it spinnin' into the Cumberland, right afore his eyes."

"What did he say to that?"

"O, Nothin. He jes' pulled on his buckskin ridin' gloves hotty like, stuck his foot in the stirrup, an' got on his hoss agin. He raised his cowhide ridin' whip an' looked sort o' savage at me, as ef he'd a mind ter hit me with hit. I whipt out my dirk, an' jerked hit open with a snap, an' looked him squar in his cold gray eyes. He brought the cowhide down on the hoss's flank with a lick that drawed the blood, and wuz off like a shot."

"Well, what about Col. Pennington?"

"Kunnel Pennington wuz the Jedge's only son, an' jes' ez proud an' disdainful ez his father. He used to ride 'round lookin' ez ef the country wuzn't half good enuf fur him, an' especially after he come back from graduatin' at the military school at Lexington. He wanted to treat all of us boys ez ef we war made for his pleasure an' sarvice, es' the same as his daddy's niggers war. He'd ride up some times to whar we war a-hevin' a huskin bee, or a log-rollin' or a frolic of some kind, an' when we'd ask him to lite offen his hoss an' jine us, he'd smile in an insultin', superior kind of a way, an' ax us to excuse him. Arter lookin' at us in his lord like way fur a little while, he'd throw a few dollars on the ground, an' say, 'take that and treat the boys,' and ride off, ez grand ez if he war a little god."

"How did the people like that?"

"With some of them it took moutily. Thar air some kind o' folks—low down sort o' trash—that 'pears to like to hev other folks put on airs over 'em. They're mostly these poor-ez poverty fellers that l've on the side-hills way up in the hollers, an' don't hev a bite o' wheat bread in thar cabins twice in thar wuthless lives. They act ez ef they'd ruther a gentleman'd make a spittoon o' them than not notice 'em at all. All this crowd war worshipers o' Kunnel Pennington, an' purtended to think he wuz the greatest young man in the hull world. But the rest o' us hated him like pizen, an' I guess he did the same with us."

"I wuz then keepin company with Matilda Jocelyn, acknowledged by all to be the smartest gal on the headwaters of the Cumberland. We hadn't sot the day, but everyone knowed that we war partickeler on each other, an' that it wuz only a question of time when we'd splice. But Kunnel Pennington seed her at a quiltin' one day, an' tuck a shine to her. Ef hit'd been an honorable, upright way, I wouldn't hev had a word to say, fur every gal has the right to pick out jes' the feller she likes best without nobody sayin' nothin' to her about hit. But there wuz nothin' honorable about Kunnel Pennington, when hit came to the mounting gals. He hed no more idee of marryin' one on 'em than his ole father hed of marryin' the mulatter that wuz his housekeeper, and the mother of several quadroons that looked sprisingly like the old Jedge.

"I stept up to him, and sez I: 'This young lady's *my* company, an' I'll take keer that she gits home safely, an' much obleeged to ye, for yer kindness.

"He drawed himself up in his most scornful way, an' sez he: 'Git out sir; I'll hev none o' your interference with me, sir.'

"I whipt out my dirk an' jumped at him. He drawed his bowie-knife an' stood firm, but afore we could come together Tilda screamed and sprung in atween us. Others rushed up an' held us apart, but in the struggle Tilda hit her arm agin Pennington's bowie, and cut hit so that she fainted. Pennington then got on his hoss an' rode away, but ez he left, he shuck his ridin'-whip at me an sez he: 'I ain't through with you yet, young man, by a long shot. You'll hear from me agin, right sudden.'

"The next day my cousin came up an' tole me that Pennington hed got out a warrant fur me, on the charge of stabbin' Tilda in a fit o' jealousy, an' that the best thing I could do would be to skip out o' the country until the thing blowed over. I knowed the Penningtons could do 'bout ez they pleased with me ef they got me into the Sheriff's hands, an I concluded to take the advice an' lite out, not knowin' that it was part of Kunnel Pennington's scheme to git me outen the way so ez he could hev plain sailin' with Tilda. I went down to Mississippi an' cut wood along the river for nigh a year, an' came back with enough money for me an' Tilda to git married on, an' set up housekeepin' on a little tract o' land father gin me on Left Hand Creek, 'bout six mile from Jedge Pennington's.

"Kunnel Pennington had pestered Tilda a powerful sight while I wuz gone, but now he hed an office at Washington, an' thar wuz no reason fur bein' afeared of him any more.

"The year arter we war married the war broke out. Jedge Pennington wuz an out-an'-out Secesher, from the fust, an' Kunnel Pennington come home an' took command of a rijiment raised among the off scourings an' low downers heah in the mountings. They said they war a-gwine to run out of the country all of us fellers ez stuck by the Union, but the boot got on the other leg, an' we made them skeet out over inter Tennessee. The gang that wuz raised in the Jedge's own neighborhood, wuz headed by Lige Jinkinson, the oneriest man in all Josh Bell County. Him an' me hed hed several little tilts in old times, for which same he didn't love me none the more.

"When Zollicoffer invaded Kentucky with his army of liberation his advance gyard wuz Kunnel Pennington's rijiment, and the most active man in it wuz 'Lije Jinkinson. They said they'd come back to git even with us home made Abolitionists, an' they did it. They carried fire an' ruin wharever they went. One party, commanded by Kunnel Pennington, came up the Creek to 'tend to my case. Tilda was then very badly off, for in a little while our second child was to have been born. In course I had to skip out ez soon ez I seed 'em a-comin', for I couldn't do nothin' with half a rijiment, an' I didn't think they war mean enuf to do any hurt to a lone woman. But I crawled up on to a high pint of rock behind my house an' watched. I seed 'em hunt all 'round fur me, under the hay an' fodder, and through the stable. Then I seed 'em drive Tilda and the baby outer the house inter the drizzlin' rain. One o' the fellers brung 'Tilda's little spinnin' wheel out, that she thought all the world on, for she was one of the smartest cloth-makers on the upper Cumberland, an' mashed it afore her eyes with an ax. He went 'round mashin' everything else that was wuth breakin'. They sot the cabin afire, and went off, driving with them our cow, hoss, an' three sheep, an left Tilda an' the baby sittin' on a log in the cold rain, cryin' ez if thar hearts would break. Ez soon ez they war out o' sight I came down, and started with Tilda 'cross the mounting to our nighest Union neighbor. Hit war the most terrible trip I ever made. The paths were slippery, so that a strong man had hard work to walk, and Tilda, in her condition, could scarcely git along at all. I'd carry her a piece, and then go back an' bring the baby an' gun. Twice I slipt and fell with her, an' at last when I got to cousin Bill Fortner's she was in a dead faint, and I couldn't move another step. Cousin Bill went back to the last stoppin' place and brought up the baby an' gun.

"That night her baby war born, but afore mornin' both hit and his mother war dead. D'ye wonder now that I followed Kunnel Pennington up and laid him out?"

"No, indeed, I do not. He deserved a hundred times what he got."

"I hain't done with that crowd by a long shot. I'm powerful sorry that I kin do no more to the Kunnel. I spect, though, that the devil is helpin' pay him off now.

"Since that I hevn't thought o' nothin' else but revenge. I was ahead of the Rebels all the time they wuz marchin' onto Wildcat, and it wuz me that kep our men thar posted about thar movements. I hung aroun' them, and shot into them whenever thar was a good chance, an' kep' them in a continual werriment and alarm. Ef hit hedn't been fur me they'd attackted the Gap on Tuesday instid o' Friday, an' mebbe whipt our fellers."

"Why, how was that?"

"Well, you see, I took my post on the hill jes' this side o' Barboursville, whar the road winds up through the rocks. They broke camp at Barboursville, all so gay, Monday mornin', and starte I fur Wild Cat. Ez ther advance gyard came up the hill, I thought the officer in command wuz Kunnel Pennington, an' ez I wanted them all to see who wuz doin' the work, I stept right out in front, let them look at me, and then raised my rifle an' dropt him from his hoss. I jumped back behind the rocks and got away safely. But I seed jes' afore I fired that it warn't Kunnel Pennington, but a cousin that looked moutily like him. You never seed sich a time ez there wuz in that crowd then. They hunted higa an' low for the owdscious bushwhacker, but in course they didn't find me. For the next few days they crawled along like snails, watchin' every tree an' rock, expectin' every step that they'd git a shot. That's why hit tuck 'em nearly a week to go from Barboursville to Wild Cat, and gin us time to git reinforcements."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Funny Old Man.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: The peculiar hallucinations under which mankind frequently labor was strikingly illustrated last Monday night. The story is told by a party of ladies who were returning home from the Scott-Saxon entertainment. They say that in passing the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets their attention was attracted to an old man who was standing against the fence in front of the Christian church. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and his conduct was so strange that they stopped to watch him. The old man was about three sheets in the wind, with "the fourth fluttering," and evidently imagined that he was at home, getting ready to go to bed. He braced himself up against the fence, muttering and shaking his head in a very solemn manner, and first removed his hat, which he hung upon the fence. He then gravely squatted down and pulled off his boots and stockings, afterward straightening himself up and unbottoning his coat and vest, which he removed and hung beside his hat. He then took off his collar and tie and placed them beside his coat. Having thus completed the process of disrobing, he braced himself up several times and stepped over the fence. He evidently expected to land in bed, and was considerably astonished when he fell into the mud and water on the other side. He gradually picked himself up, shook his head, looked all round, and then prepared to step back over the fence, evidently thinking he had jumped clear over the bed. One of the gentlemen, afraid that he would hurt himself on the pavement, approached the old gentleman and persuaded him to get back in his clothes, and then put him in charge of a policeman, who promised to take him home.

Unlucky Nickel.

Springfield Republican.

The man who in youth found a five-cent piece at his feet, and walked with his eyes on the ground ever after, seems to be the model of American Senators at this period. It is a session of small potatos.

The New Haven *Register* suggests that the now wasted power generated by the rocking chairs of the world be utilized in the manufacturing arts.

For the Blade.

PADDY O'ROUKE.

BY J. N. MATTHEWS.

Och, Barney McGhee, by my sowl it is me,
For whom charmin' Kitty kem out e'er the lea;
Wi' the bloom on her chake, and the blue in her eye,
And her foostshep as light as the dew on the rye.

O begar! how me heart,
Gives a thump and a sthart,
When me arm slyly shlips round the turn in her waiste,
And me lips how they quiver,
When I sthoop down to give her
A kiss, and she cries out, "O Pat, yer a baste!"

Last night at the dance, shure I fell in a trance,
When Kitty's blue eyes into mine shot a glance;
In the heativ me bliss, I grew pale like a ghost,
And I swore by the holy Saint Patrick, I'd roast
From her soft breast of snow
Half concealed there below,
Peepin' roguishly up in me face was a rose;
And me sowl at the sight iv it,
Thrill'd me, in spite iv it,
'Till I shook with delight at it down to me toes.

"Och, Kitty," I cried, as I stood by her side,
"'Tis me darlint, yerself I would claim as me bride;"
Then me arm loike a serpent encircled her form,
With a thrue Irish clasp, in an eggstacy warm,
And blushin', she said,
As she bent down her head,
"Shure, Paddy O'Rouke, iv me life yer the bother;
How ken I refuse,
Now I'm fast in the noose,
With Cupid at one end, and ye at the tother!"

THE MYSTERY OF DR. HARDY'S MARRIAGE.

BY ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

It was a standard question in Dinnent—Why had Dr. Hardy married Miss Ray? Even when that lady had been Mrs. Hardy for some years, the old puzzle would serve to quicken Dinnent conversation when it flagged, or to point the moral of the general uncertainty of human actions.

There was no such terrible disparity between the worldly circumstances of the couple. Both belonged to respectable Dinnent families. Perhaps the Hardys had been the more respected, but the Rays were held to be the better off, a belief which Miss Lydia Ray's astonishing marriage had tended to confirm. Old Mr. Ray was thought to be a miser, perhaps on the theory that nobody but a rich man could look poor so frankly. The Rays had mixed little in Dinnent society, only giving a stiff tea-party now and then. Mrs. Ray had been long dead, and the family consisted of the old gentleman and three daughters, the youngest of whom, Lydia, became the fortunate Mrs Hardy. The Rays's house was called Briar Cottage; and there were no flowers in its garden and very few ornaments in its rooms. The Misses Ray had always dressed with an artificial and elaborate primness, and the two elder sisters were dry and stiff in manner, as if the over-forward advances of the world needed much repelling.

The Hardy family had been of quite another stamp. They lived in the Red House, and every little urchin in Dinnent knew the Red House and its ways, and its abundant jams and sweeties. There had been rather "hard lines" there in Dr. Hardy's boyhood, for his father had died suddenly, and left his widow very poorly provided for. But she got through somehow, and was still seated in the chimney corner—a jolly old lady, who received her daughter-in-law without wincing, and who, if she shared Dinnent's wonder at the match, never allowed Dinnent to know it.

Dr. Hardy himself had been a popular character from his very cradle. He was thoroughly good hearted and well meaning, and yet he had certain weaknesses and foibles which got him into scrapes, and saved him from the spite which is too often the lot of a strong and militant virtue.

He was a curious mixture of activity and indolence. Perhaps he may be described as physically active and mentally lazy. It was easy for him to perform feats of strength and endurance—to ride 20 miles at midnight to see a sick child; to spend night after night beside sick-beds instead of his own. But it had never been easy for Edward Hardy to make up his mind, and then stick to it.

Perhaps some of Dr. Hardy's popularity was due to the fact that it was by no means easy for him to run counter to anybody while he was in that person's presence. Silence was his utmost dissent, and rarely indeed was that unaccompanied by a smile or a dubious gesture.

But these trifles were not likely to detract from his importance, when he turned his back on colleges and hospitals, and settled down in Dinnent, a clever young medical man, bright in face and kindly in manner, with pleasant family traditions behind him and good financial prospects before.

Whom would he marry? had then been Dinnent's question regarding him. Laura Devine, the Mayor's daughter, had been suggested. Laura's beauty had a consumptive cast, and the young doctor was often at the Mayor's house. Some people said a doctor would be too wise to marry a sickly woman, but others remarked that it was a proverb that nobody went so ill-shod as the shoemaker's wife. Others, again, suggested one of the daughters of Mrs. Rowe, the widow of the last vicar. The doctor went there often too, and that must be quite non-professionally, for Rose and Sarah Rowe were as sturdy as the hawthorn trees, and their mother was constantly boasting that nobody who had a good constitution and common sense needed to trouble a doctor at all. In fact, Rose and Sarah sometimes wished that their mother would not be so loud in these proclamations. They feared they might hurt Dr. Hardy's feelings, and could scarcely believe in the sincerity with which he endorsed them.

Though these three young ladies carried off the palm of probability, almost every other girl in Dinnent was casually contemplated in the same light. Even the poor orphan, Lucy Craven, who served in the Dinnent bookseller's shop, was suspected of having "upsetting ideas," and of being just the girl (well, her gown was very black and her face was very white) "to bewitch a fine young fellow with more chivalry than knowledge of the world."

But nobody—no, not deep old Mrs. Simeon, at the Gate House, nor sharp Miss Rutter, of the Grange, ever thought of Lydia Ray.

The oversight was not wonderful. Dinnent had seen the three sisters coming in and going out for nearly 40 years, always dressed alike, always prim, precise, and proper. If anybody had thought of Lydia, they must have also thought of Miss Eliza and Miss Jane. Only quite elderly people knew exactly which were the elder of the three, for between 32 and 40 there is not always a very striking difference of appearance. But one must draw a line somewhere, and considering that Dr. Hardy was not much more than seven and-twenty the Dinnent ladies thought they drew the line among themselves wide enough when they drew it from 16 to 30. If you were to draw a line wider than that, where were you to stop?

Nobody felt any suspicion, even when Lydia Ray sickened, and Dr. Hardy was summoned to attend her. It was not his first introduction to Briar Cottage, for Lydia's sickness grew out of a dangerous illness of her father's. The Rays did not call in a doctor for slight occasions. They made no such boast as Mrs Rowe's, and indeed that valiant matron would probably have said that there was not a good constitution, or a grain of common sense among the lot. But they had their little dietings and dosings, and never dreamed of a doctor until the vision of an undertaker loomed not very far behind him.

Old Mr. Ray really had "a very bad turn," as the old ladies called it. He lost the use of his limbs and he wandered in his mind, and for a long time it was very doubtful whether strength or consciousness would ever return. Dinnent pressed all sorts of help on Briar Cottage for Dinnent was not an unkindly place, though it loved to serve with its right hand that its left hand might know what it had done. But the pale ladies of Briar Cottage put aside all proffers of succor. In those days enquirers always saw Miss Eliza, or Miss Jane. They said that Miss Lydia was the nurse, and Miss Jane was apt to add, rather sarcastically, that "Lydia thought nobody was any use but herself."

"And if she's any use at all, she's right in her opinion of the others," said candid Mrs. Rowe.

But old Mr. Ray rallied, though slowly, and proved a very troublesome convalescent. Briar Cottage returned to its accustomed ways, except that Miss Eliza and Miss Jane took their walks alone, and had their meals together in the faded dining room, sending portions up stairs for the invalid and the nurse. They felt that Lydia had put them aside when "there was really something to be done," and it never occurred to their peevish pride to offer to relieve her now, when all danger was past. So, worn out with anxiety and watching, Lydia spent day after day in a close and heated atmosphere, driven to her wits' end by the ceaseless worrying of a narrow and embittered nature, and pained and chilled by the coolness and implied disapprobation of her sisters.

All this while she and the young doctor had scarcely exchanged 20 unnecessary words. Lydia herself had a friendly heart, but it had lived among unfriendly natures. She thought that Eliza and Jane felt as she did, and she believed it was right, and indeed necessary, that she should act as they did, and draw back and keep aloof from any kindly contract with one's fellow creatures. Not that she could ever do it from the same motives, for Eliza and Jane did it from an innate sense of superiority, while she was deeply impressed with her own unworthiness. Though a casual observer might have found it hard to distinguish one of the "three old maids" from the other, Lydia Ray was quite of a different nature from Eliza and Jane. She must have resembled her mother, who had been dead so long that none of her daughters remembered her. But this difference only made her the more subject to the family will and tradition. Eliza and Jane differed, wrangled, and were far more independent of each other than was Lydia of either of them. They were at bottom in sympathy; they made their own atmosphere and throve in it, to the limited extent of the thriving power which was in them. Lydia was simply repressed. Like a withering plant in a dark closet, her real life was shut up within herself, while externally she reflected as a mirror the forms of those about her.

Had Lydia Ray ever left Briar Cottage and gone out alone for a single month, it is not likely that on her return she would have succumbed so utterly. But Briar Cottage represented her world, and if anything within her found no response there, she had no idea, no hope that it might find response elsewhere. Few men can realize the existence of such women. They pass about the world, they look contented, often cheerful, they seem well provided. In reality, they are creatures who have never found their element; though, less fortunate than fishes, they can go on living without it.

Lydia had had her young dreams of friendship—even of love. She knew her sisters would call these foolish, and she innocently accepted their verdict. She looked with her gentle, wistful eyes into other people's households, and wished that Eliza or Jane had found somebody good enough to marry, so that she might have been godmother to their children, and help with their bringing up. She had not courage to have a dream husband and dream babies of her own: she had only a dream brother-in-law and dream nephews and nieces.

And all these years the wolf of poverty had been drawing nearer and nearer to the shady porch of Briar Cottage. Little house-properties lost in value; one or two investments stopped their dividends altogether; Eliza and Jane grew only sharper and sourer, and condemned the little luxries they were obliged to cut off. It was under a blow of this sort that old Mr. Ray had sickened.

Then, for the first time, Lydia had been obliged to oppose herself to her sisters. She had no will of her own to do it. It was the sick man himself who drove the others from his room saying that their voices went through his head, that their hands were cold, and their attentions worrying. He had never before preferred Lydia—of his three children perhaps she had been the least favored hitherto. Eliza and Jane withdrew affronted. Each shed some bitter tears apart, and then, by common consent, but without one spoken word, they henceforth implied that Lydia had arrogated to herself the post of nurse, and that they only hoped she had sense and strength to do her duty to their poor dear father.

While their father's illness continued at its height, Lydia believed that her sisters' asperity was due to their anxiety about him, and to their very natural doubts of her skill and ability. But during his recovery it slowly dawned upon her that a gulf had suddenly opened in the dry soil of the family life, and that she was left standing alone on one side of it. For as he regained strength, her father's preference for her vanished, and he openly chafed at the "other girls" leaving him so much to her society, as, with a malicious dutifulness, they persisted in doing, except when expressly commanded to the contrary.

It was not much that Lydia had lost, for it was little that she had ever had. But it seemed a great deal to her, and it was her all. Nobody knew that she suffered; probably she did not know herself: she was too humble to think that anything she could feel could be worthy the name of pain. But day after day the stairs grew more wearisome, and the furniture heavier, and the food less appetizing. And one evening a strange mist hung over everything—indoors as well as out-of-doors. And next morning she could not lift her head from her pillow, and Dr. Hardy had a new patient.

Dr. Hardy understood the situation very fairly, as doctors often do. He had had his colloquies with Eliza and Jane. Even now they were not slow to lay Lydia's illness at her own door. "She would not let them take their fair share of their father's illness, and now she had come upon them herself." He wanted them to hire a trained nurse to wait on their sister; and fearing lest their pride might resent and resist any supposed slight on their own powers, he slyly urged that the train of illness was likely to lengthen out if all the care were cast on delicate and sensitive relatives. That did not gain his end, but it mollified the ladies. Had Lydia been conscious, she might have wondered at the effect produced by so slight a compliment from one of that sex which her sisters despised so heartily!

Lydia's illness was that sort of low fever which lingers along, and often leaves deep traces behind it. Eliza and Jane never quite believed in it. They thought Lydia did not bear up well. When she was worse they chided her; when she was better they exhorted her. They would read aloud to her, and if she asked them to stop, they felt so injured that it was easier to let them go on at any cost of confused brain and bewildered dream.

Dr. Hardy grew to pity the pale quiet woman, who seemed to watch for his coming, because he brought the comfort of a comprehending and sympathetic presence. She interested him as the first revelation of the sad subjection which underlies so many women's lives. Its result he had often seen before; the secret of its process had not hitherto been displayed to him. But he felt little more than a pathological interest, with a genuine healer's instinct to relieve. Not only was she 36 and wan and faded, but her mind was as little likely to fascinate him as her shoe. It had been starved on the direst and poorest nutriment, and her sympathies, like the limbs of a man long fettered to a seat, were now scarcely able to stir themselves. Dr. Hardy was 21, his whole nature throbbing with the ambitions and visions of an ardent, warm-hearted young man who does not even dream that anything in the world or in himself can hinder or check the strong tide of energy he feels within him. It was simply because he was so glorying in the race of life before him that this poor thing, who had never left the starting-point, touched his heart and craved from him a little help, which at its utmost could be so small.

He brought her books to beguile her convalescence. He could easily see where she stood intellectually, and he did not startle her by presenting too violently-opposed mental standpoints, nor shock her by requiring too far a leap from her accustomed ground. It might have astounded Edward Hardy had he guessed how difficult it would have been for anything from him to startle or shock her. Accustomed all her life to unquestioning loyalty to her standards, she had now made him one of them. Under cover of his medical authority she had grown up another. She began to make an unconscious reference to his opinion on all subjects. It was a formidable rival, even to that of Eliza and Jane.

As she recovered, one wretched trace of her illness did not yield. In its course she had grown deaf; and this deafness continued, though, like most nervous affections, it varied much in intensity. This troubled her sadly, because she saw it troubled others, who did not disguise that they found it troublesome. Jane wore a wrap around her throat because she "had strained it, shouting at Lydia." Lydia's recovery was visibly retarded when she found the deafness did not go. In her heart she wished she had died, and then shed sorrowful tears over her wicked rebellion. She clung more and more to Dr. Hardy's daily visits. He did not seem to blame her for her suffering. After he had been with her for a few minutes, she could hear his voice more readily than the others, though on his first coming in she was always at her worst, since any excitement, painful or pleasing, served to increase the affliction.

Still she gradually progressed, and she said to herself that Dr. Hardy would very soon discontinue his visits. (She had already overheard Eliza and Jane discussing their cost, and she felt a pang of self reproach that she had pleasure in what involved the expenditure of their scanty means.) No further thought was in that simple, unworldly mind. There had been grey days before—there was a gleam of sunshine now—and then there would be grey days again, just a little darker. She hoped that perhaps Dr. Hardy might oftener than before find his way to Briar Cottage as a friendly visitor. After his long professional attendance, even Eliza and Jane might think him privileged to dispense with a formal invitation.

It was a glorious Summer afternoon. On Dinnent High street the sun had poured mightily, and the air was close, and a little thickened by dust. But on the moorland roads around a breeze would be blowing, and past snug old farms these roads would dip through leafy hollows, where even noontide had not scorched. Dr. Hardy, leisurely driving out behind his sturdy pony, thought on these things, and how, at the very moment, Lydia Ray was probably tottering round her narrow, weedy garden, hearing just enough to catch some of her sisters' sharpest words. Why should he not volunteer to give his patient a drive? He was going some miles by a lovely route to visit a case in which there was no fear of infection. Dr. Hardy was never slow to carry out an idea, when there was nobody to oppose it. He pulled up his pony before the gate of Briar Cottage. And there sure enough was Lydia, seated on a garden chair, quite alone, looking very pale and draggled.

Dr. Hardy had to repeat his invitation twice before she caught his meaning, and then her face lit with intense pleasure. Such a thing was so unprecedented, so outside the usual range of Eliza and Jane's opinions, that she actually forgot all about them, and accepted it without any reference to them. The very idea seemed to bring back her youth. A long, long drive over the moors gave a sense of boundless freedom to one whose peregrinations had for years been limited to the shops the church, and the neighboring villas. She assured Dr. Hardy that her preparation should not detain him five minutes, and left him in the garden, smiling indeed, yet half sad to think that so small a pleasure seemed to be worth so much.

But Lydia remembered Eliza and Jane, and trembled when, on her way to her own room, she had to pass those ladies seated at the window, working. She paused timidly, and said that Dr. Hardy had offered to take her for a drive; he thought it would do her good, and so did she.

Eliza said "Humph." Jane remarked "You are quite your own mistress, Lydia. But all Dinnent will say you are trying to delude that youth into marrying you."

"Surely Dinnent can never be so foolish," answered Lydia, opening her eyes wide at a suggestion so entirely new to her own mind. "Well, I can't say I will not go, now I have said I will." And secretly she was very glad that for once she had made a decision before asking advice.

She left the door open between the rooms while she dressed, and Eliza, watching her, dryly remarked, "The ride won't do you any the more good, Lydia, for your putting on your best bonnet. This afternoon, between sun and dust, will do it more damage than three months' or dinary wear."

"Never mind, it has been saved for three months during my illness," Lydia answered, and resolutely tied her strings. It was not a very expensive bonnet, nor a very smart one, for straw and ribbons were alike of a very modest brown except where a single blue bow adorned the cap, which was the fashion of those days. Lydia had scarcely put it on before, and as she looked in the mirror she thought it was more becoming than most of her bonnets. Perhaps it was the flush and excitement of her pleasure which did it justice.

In her harmless happiness her gentle heart wanted to be in peace and love with everybody, and as she passed her sisters she kissed first Jane and then Eliza, only winning from the former the sardonic response,—

"I don't suppose you are going away forever, Lydia."

But when she rejoined Dr. Hardy there was a restraint in her manner which would not have been there but for her sister's words. The more foolish and uncalled-for she felt they were, the more they hurt her, and underneath their petty worry there stirred a strange pang which she could not comprehend, a sense of too-lateness and of irrevocable years. But she bravely set herself to drink the cup of simple pleasure which was offered to her, albeit there was a taste of wormwood on its brim. And Summer skies, and yellow gorse and leafy dingles keep spells of their own, even for a kept down old maiden, so long as her heart is not bitter, nor her eyes turned inward. And as they drive swiftly through the freshening breezes, Lydia felt quite contented and very thankful for many things.

Edward Hardy remembered that her deafness would be probably increased, for the time, by the unwonted scenes and motion, to say nothing of the rattle of the wheels. And like true doctor, he resolved to do nothing to call her attention to her affliction, but to leave her to take her own pleasure in her own quiet way. Every now and then he glanced at the soft blue eyes gazing so eagerly around, and presently he smiled to hear that, quite unconsciously, she was crooning an old song. While he visited his patient, she dutifully held his horse for him, and when he came out, and saw the reviving vigor of her pose, and the faint rose on her thin cheek, he said to himself that the springs of our neighbor's life and health may often lie among little thoughtfulnesses and kindnesses which we too often forget or neglect.

"Poor thing," he thought, "if I may prescribe quinine for her, why may I not do this?" And then he added, aloud, "Miss Lydia, will you like to take another drive with me to morrow?"

She started, and flushed deeply, and did not answer for a moment. Dr. Hardy made a mental note: "More nervous than I thought she was." Her voice sounded full of tears, as she replied,—

"You cannot mean it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SPOOPENDYKE.

He and Mrs. S. Go in Bathing.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he bounced out of his bathing house and thumped on the door of the one occupied by Mrs. Spoopendyke, "are you ready? We must hurry into the water and get out again, or we won't get through in time for dinner."

Mrs. Spoopendyke emerged, bent almost double and shivering with the cold.

"Isn't it rather chilly?" she asked.

"Not at all, Mrs. Spoopendyke, not at all; the air is rather cool, but the water is warm. If you are going with me you want to move along."

As they reached the beach Mr. Spoopendyke left his wife and boldly strode into the surf. A wave broke over him, filling his eyes, nose, ears and mouth, and then he strode out.

"What are you standing there for, eh?" he demanded. "What do you take yourself for—a big lighthouse? Did ye come down here to take a bath, or are ye waiting for some ship to tie up to you? What is the matter with you anyway?"

"I'm afraid of the waves," whimpered Mrs. Spoopendyke, "they're so big."

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THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubr's.

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The Small Boy's Mistake.

Brooklyn Eagle.

The season is here at last when the adventurous small boy thinks he can make experiments with the sluggish wasp that he find creeping on a window sash in the garret. He is not wholly ignorant of the foibles of the insect, but he has heard the saying that "wasps won't sting till the June birds sing." It is a great comfort for him to know this. It gives him a poor idea of a wasp, and encourages him to insult it. Accordingly he removes it from the window-sash, places it in his extended palm and tickles it defiantly under the ribs. Later on two strong women are holding that boy's hand, while the anxious mother is exploring his palm with a needle and his little heels are churning holes in the nursery floor. Thus is childish faith in the truth of cherished sayings shattered; thus is the first idol of our lives broken and the first lesson of skepticism taught.

Honesty the Best Policy.

From the American Protectionist.

Unable to brand the American pork as a death dealing article of food, the so-called friends of the English tenant have transferred the battle from the slaughter house to the dairy. We can easily defeat their purpose by following the policy that was always found best and most effective in the building up of trade. The name of that policy is honesty.

"Women Never Think."

If the crabbed old bachelor who uttered this sentiment could but witness the intense thought, deep study and thorough investigation of women in determining the best medicines to keep their families well, and would note their sagacity and wisdom in selecting Hop Bitters as the best, and demonstrating it by keeping their families in perpetual health, at a mere nominal expense, he would be forced to acknowledge that such sentiments are baseless and false. —*Picayune.*

WYOMING TERRITORY.

A Passing Glance Over the Country Since the Departure of the Late Dreary Winter—The Prospects in View of the Prosperous Summer—A Brief Sketch of the Round-Ups, Stock Ranges, and Cow Boys.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

FORT FETTERMAN, W. T., April 15, 1881.

The long, cold Winter, which has reigned for many months past, with such unremitting fury over this wild region, has at last taken to flight, and Spring, with its songbirds, and balmy gales, has come again to cheer the hearts of many despairing settlers, who inhabit this solitary waste.

BUT THE WORK OF DESTRUCTION,

which the storms of the past Winter have made among the great cattle-herds of this country is plain to be seen on every side. Hundreds of dead animals are scattered about over the plains, and along the watercourses of this region, lying in groups of half a dozen or more together, which is of itself an unquestionable evidence that the country has just passed through a Winter of such a character as was never before witnessed in any part of this vast Territory. Though there are still dark threatening clouds hanging on the tops of the high mountain ranges, which flank the north and west boundaries of the Platte Valley, and out of which giant peaks tower far above, wrapped in great sheets of snow,—but, notwithstanding, those grim views, and desolate traces of the past severe Winter, with its many depressing and disheartening effects, made upon the stockmen and settlers of the country, they are after all, beginning to take fresh courage, and are looking forward to a prosperous Summer. The coming of an early Spring has already done much towards reviving their drooping spirits, and arousing them once more to life and animation.

THE "ROUND UPS"

which take place in this country every Spring and Summer, have already begun, and the "cow boys" are again seen galloping far and wide over the plains in parties numbering as many as 30 and 40 men together. To see a party of "cow boys" (as they are called in this country) dashing onward over bluffs and across high rolling plains in sweeping columns, upon "half civilized" mustangs, or broncbos, is a sight well calculated to revive old recollections of frontier life, when the red men of the wilderness were the cow boys, and whose round-ups in those days were of a *vastly* different character from what the white man's round-ups are at the present time.

FLOODS.

Owing to the rapid melting of the great masses of snow which accumulated in the deep canons of the mountains during the past Winter, the various streams leading from the snowy ranges to the Platte are swollen to a very unusual hight, which will seriously interfere with the rapid progress of the round-ups this season.

It often becomes necessary for stockmen, while out through the country, collecting the cattle into large bands, to ford one, or perhaps several of those swift mountain streams, which is, during a time of high water, accompanied with much difficulty and danger. Not unfrequently have wagon loads of provisions and camp outfits, including the team, and in some few instances, the driver, been swept away in those rapid currents, and all lost. Frequently men on horseback, while crossing some of those swift streams, during a time of high water, have been carried down with the current a considerable distance before they succeeded in gaining the opposite shore. This often occurs at the North Platte, which is a stream of considerable width, and during a high stage of water the current is very swift. The bed of this stream is in many places full of treacherous beds of quick-sand, and the banks at such places often rise in a perpendicular form many feet above the water. To attempt fording a stream like the Platte, and more especially at such points, is considered a most hazardous and perilous undertaking. The creek beds of nearly all the various tributaries of the North Platte, which runs through this region, are covered with immense quantities of round boulders, ranging in size from the little round pebble stone up to huge rocks of many tons weight. All along the beds of those streams, and more especially in the vicinity of the mountains those round slippery boulders cover the channels in such great masses, that to attempt crossing with a team during a time that the water is up, would in fact be almost certain destruction. Even an experienced rider, mounted on a well trained "cow horse," is considered taking some chances of losing his life in attempting to ford one of these swift currents, among dangerous rocks and boulders. Yet, when it becomes absolutely necessary at times that a party of cow-boys, have to ford one of those turbulent mountains streams, in order to make some "near cut" through the country, so as to gain the camp of the round up, or to dislodge a large body of cattle, which may be collected in some particular place, they soon decide to make an attempt at crossing, and away goes horses, and riders, plunging wildly through the mad current, among rocks and snags and finally, after a most gallant struggle the noble little cow-horses," carries his fearless rider safely to the opposite shore.

CLAIMING THEIR OWN.

During the Winter months those great cattle herds which roam at large over a vast extent of this region become in time scattered far off from the ranges on which they belong, and the object in part, in having these various round ups, which are constantly going on in this country during the Spring and Summer, is to collect together each man's stock, which is "cut-out" (as they call it) from the main herd and then under an escort of cow-boys, the animals are driven back to their old ranges.

Most all the stock-grazers of these frontier territories, who are owners of large heards of cattle, have what they call "a range," which is understood to be a certain area of country, bounded by lakes, and mountains, and streams, which extends through many parts of the country. Inside of these various boundary lines such a stock-man with such a brand, or "coat-of-arms," locates his ranch or castle. Many of these ranges, claimed by cattle-owners of this country, embraces a scope of territory equal in extent to a large sized County in some of the Eastern States. Upon each of these respective districts or ranges the Stock Baron of the Plains exercises undisputed control over his dominion, and is recognized by the "Stock Association" as the legitimate owner of the territory he lays claim to.

THE BRANDING IRON

and round ups, are the only severalizers, as it were, by which the stock of our range is distinguished and separated from that of another. Each stock man, who may be the owner of any considerable amount of cattle, has his own peculiar brand. The name and shape of the brand is generally placed upon record, either at the capital of the Territory or County, and in no case whatever will the owner of a certain brand allow others to use his brand without his permission and consent. Among such a vast collection of all sorts of brands, used by the stock companies and private individuals throughout these great Western frontiers, it is curious to witness, in some cases, the strangeness of form in which many are constructed. Indeed it would seem to appear to one, after making some inspections through a heap of those branding-irons, that they not only embraced all the letters of the English alphabet, but also took in all the quaint forms of Egyptian and Chinese hierog-yphics, in connection with many Indian and Spanish characters. It is nothing in common to see, among a herd of "cow-horses," some few, so completely tattood, by all shapes and forms of branding irons, that one might readily suppose, that the pilgrimage of many of those hardy little animals, among the stockmen of these mountains and plains, has been anything but a cool and pleasant one. In fact the appearance of many broncbos, would seem to indicate that the animal had in its time passed through the hands of at least 50 different owners, and as each one came in possession of the pony, he gave him a wipe with a red hot iron, in part to see whose brand made the nicest marks, and in part for pastime and amusement.

FILLING UP.

Since the close of the long gloomy Indian wars, and the driving out of the various tribes, which formerly inhabited these wild regions, the country has been rapidly filled up by vast herds of cattle, driven here from Texas, and different parts of the Pacific Slope. Thousands, and doubtless millions of dollars, have within the last few years been invested in great cattle herds, which now roams at large over Northern Wyoming. On account of the stock growing business being heretofore, one of a very profitable character, and paying a much larger per per cent. on the money invested, than perhaps any other enterprise in which capital could be used as extensively throughout these great Western Territories, it soon attracts the attention of monied men in the Eastern States as well as in many parts of Europe, who to-day have covered hundreds of miles of these frontiers with immense herds of cattle, which are fast eating off, and destroying the grass of the ranges, and it is only now a mere question of time how long the stock-growing business may prove to be a profitable investment to those who have large sums of money centered in such enterprises.

R. F.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH PHRASES, with illustrative sentences. By Kwong Ki Chiu, late a member of the Chinese Educational Mission in the United States, and Compiler of an English and Chinese Dictionary. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. Price, $5 00.

The work before us is something entirely new in literary fields. The author was formerly the principal teacher in the Government school in Shanghai and came to this work with an extensive knowledge of all of the subjects which he has treated of. For a number of years he has labored assiduously, and has had the assistance of several excellent American scholars. The volume shows the result of great research and the Chinese perseverance that everybody has heard of. A clear explanation is given of the idioms of the English language which will greatly assist other Chinese students, and any foreigners who attempt to learn this tongue.

It is strange that a work of this kind, and of such value, should have been done by a native of another country. But he has succeeded in catching the spirit of our idiomatic expressions in a wonderful manner, and, indeed, revealed many of the characteristics of the language to which attention has never before been called.

Besides the phrases which are explained, the author has added many Chinese proverbs and axioms; a chronological list of the Chinese dynasties etc., short biographical sketches of Confucius and Jesus and several other things of interest to general readers. In short Kwong Ki Chiu has presented to the public a work of which an English speaking scholar might be proud, for it will smooth over the difficulties of foreigners who dare learning English, and will assist the native born who want to speak correctly. The volumes must have a large and constantly increasing sale as it becomes more widely known and its usefulness understood.

THE LEGEND OF THOMAS DIDYMOUS, the Jewish Skeptic. By James Freeman Clark, author of Self-Culture, etc. Published by Lee & Shepherd, Boston, and Charles T. Dillingham, New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

This exceedingly interesting volume written in aclear strong style worthy of its subject comprises, the author says, the result of many years careful study of the life of many years careful study of the life of many Christ. It was his desire to bring the Savior before the world as he appeared to the people of the time in which he lived upon earth—a prophet, and yet a man like themselves. Mr. Clarke does not in his view of his character attempt to make him wholly and absolutely divine, neither does he try to explain everything that was strange and mysterious in his life. The whole narrative which is also a brief commentary upon the four Gospels, seems to have been written with the intent to make Jesus a real personality, and one which can be brought near to the hearts and lives of men. The work is well done, and the book will be considered a valuable adjunct to any library; well repaying more than a mere perusal, but a careful study.

THE NEW NOBILITY. A story of Europe and America. By John W. Forney. Published by J. Appleton & Company, New York. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo.

Mr. Forney, (as he states in a preliminary note,) together with Rev. Wm. M. Baker, of Boston, has made a book very presentable to the "Grand Nobility," but not altogether flattering to the old stock. Every Englishman should read it before he comes to America and every American before he goes abroad.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

The 19th volume of the *Popular Science Monthly* begins with this number, and it would be difficult to find, since its start, an issue that more fully sustains the high reputation of the magazine as an exponent of modern science in a readable and attractive form. The first article, by Prof. David S. Jordan, is entitled the "Story of a Salmon," and treats of the life history of that interesting and useful fish from the time it is produced in an egg until it becomes itself an egg-producer. Dr. Felix L. Oswald continues his article on "Physical Education," treating in this number the subject of "Gymnastics."

Prof. Tyndall has a valuable paper entitled the "Action of Radiant Heat on Gaseous Matter," in which he describes some wonderful experiments with the photophone.

"Another World Down Here," by W. Mattieu Williams, is a lively paper about the special senses of insects, and the probable impressions of the outer world which enter into insect consciousness. There is a second illustrated paper on the "Origin and Structure of Volcanic Cones," by H. J. Johnston Lavis; followed by an important article from the pen of Prof. Hermann Cohn on the subject of "Eyes and School Books."

In "Deep-Sea Investigation," Mr. J. G. Buchanan, of the "Challenger" Expedition, describes the methods now employed in submarine exploration, with pictures of the apparatus at present in most general use. "The Horace Mann School for the Deaf," by Mary Gray Morrison, is an interesting account of the methods and success of a Boston school founded at the suggestion of Horace Mann for the purpose of teaching deafmutes to talk.

The other articles in this excellent number, of which we have only space to give the titles, are "The Will-o'-the-Wisp and its Folk Lore"; "Cynicism Opposed to Progress"; "Some Prehistoric Vessels," illustrated; "Color Blindness;" "Influence of the Post and Telegraph on International Relations"; and a sketch, with portait, of the well known naturalist, Prof. Edward D. Cope. The several editorial departments have their usual variety and interest.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

In the May number, just at hand, John G. Hall investigates "The Monroe Doctrine and the Isthmian Canal" in an elaborate paper. E. W. McGraw has a telling article, entitled "Is the Jury System a Failure?" E. R. Sill and C. E. Stratton discuss the University question from different standpoints. "Twelve Days on a Mexican Highway" is a chatty descriptive contribution by D. S. Richardson; as is also "A Barbary Coast City," by A. M. Morse. Mr. Shinn gives his impressions of Southern California. The stories are unusually attractive. Helen Windman's "Good-for-Naught" is becoming deeply absorbing; "49 and 50" is continued. Sam Davie gives a humorous account of "The Parish Primaries," and Miss Shinn and Miss Houghton contribute two short but entertaining stories. Miss Katharine Lee Bates' poem, "Parted," is an exquisite bit of verse. In addition to all these there are art, science, and dramatical and musical departments.

THE ART AMATEUR.

The *Art Amateur* for May has for frontispiece a fine view of the alcove dining-room in the new Union League Club House in New York. In the "Art Gallery" there are nearly 80 illustrations of pictures shown this Spring in New York and Philadelphia. All the leading exhibitions are fully reviewed, the National Academy "hanging" being especially criticised. An engraving of the Sarcophagus of Athieno, in the Metropolitan Museum, with an article of Gaston L. Feuardent, affords new evidence of the alleged peculiar "restoration" of the Di Cesnola Cypriote antiquities. Admirable illustrations of furniture, Japanese decoration, painted windows, and Rouen faience are given, together with valuable letter-press on ceramics, needlework and other decorative art topics, including the first of a series of practica papers for china painting novices. "How to Build a Choir" is an article of special interest to music-lovers, and the correspondence columns are full of suggestive information for amateurs in all branches of art. The supplement contains numerous designs for embroidery and wood carving, and two large plaque designs—beautiful female figures, one "In the greenwood," and the other playing the harp. The May number completes the second year of the *Art Amateur*, which has fairly deserved success by the number and excellence of its illustrations and the freshness and value of its articles.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The May issue might with some propriety be distinguished as the George Eliot Number, since it contains the first portrait ever published of George Eliot that would be recognized by her friends. The paper on George Eliot is contributed by C. Kegan Paul. Moncure D. Conway contributes a remarkably interesting article on Thomas Carlyle, with eight illustrations. The opening article of the Number is devoted to "Music and Musicians in New York," by Frederick Nast, with 14 excellent portraits—including those of the most distinguished orchestral leaders, operatic singers, musical composers, violinists, and pianists who have taken a prominent part in the performances of the last two seasons in New York.

Prof. Merril Edwards Gates contributes a timely article on Athens and the Greeks of to-day. Mrs. Aaron F. Perry contributes an exceedingly interesting paper, entitled "Decorative Pottery of Cincinnati," with 20 excellent illustrations. Marc Cook's "Camp Lou," an illustrated paper on the Lake St. Regis region of the Adirondacks, calls attention to the sanitary advantages of that neighborhood to those suffering from pulmonary diseases. Shirlaw's painting, "The Indian Girl," is reproduced in a masterly engraving by Krueil, accompanied by a charming poem from the pen of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who also contributes a poem on George Eliot. One of the notable features of this Number is the shortest love-story ever contributed to any magazine. It is written by Edward Everett Hale, and is less than a page in length. Miss Woolson's "Anne," the best serial story by any American author ever published, is continued; and Mr. Hardy's "Laodicean" presents in every successive number unexpected and startling features of interest.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The May *Atlantic* is the first number in which Mr. Aldrich's hand as editor appears, and is a number with which any editor might well be satisfied. The leading essay, "Some Personal Recollections of Carlyle," by Henry James, senior, is one of the most interesting of the many excellent papers called forth by Carlyle's death. "The Martyrdom of an Empire," by E. H. House, who has spent several years in Japan, gives a startling picture of the ruin wrought in that country by the greed and domination of Great Britain. Major Ben: Perley Poore in his chapter of "Reminiscences of Washington," gives a very interesting account of the Fillmore Administration. J. Brander Matthews who always writes of dramatic subjects with so much intelligence and discrimination, contributes an excellent article on 'Eugene Scribe." "Lawn planting for Winter Effect," by Samuel Parsons, Jr., will find many eager readers. The fresh instalments of Henry James Jr's "Portrait of a Lady," and Miss Phelps's "Friends," well sustain the high interest which previous chapters of these serial stories have excited. Reviews of new books, including a careful running description of all the books of the month, and a variety of bright things in the Contributor's Club, complete a capital number of the *Atlantic*. Mr. Aldrich's career as editor begins very auspiciously. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The June number of this journal has contributions from the best writers in every one of the many fields covered by its contents.

Samuel Adams Drake contributes the first of of his promised series of papers on the White Mountains, which is beautifully illustrated by William Hamilton Gibson.

Mrs. Sara A. Hubbard contributes a paper on our humming birds, with charming illustrations by J. C. Beard.

William Winter contributes a timely and excellent sketch of Edwin Booth, which is accompanied by a first-rate portrait.

Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney writes about Lisbon, which is illustrated by her husband's drawings. This is the first of a series of papers on Portugal.

Edward Atkinson gives some important information in a brief paper, entitled "Kentucky Farms."

Saxe Holm contributes a love-story, and the serial novels by Mr. Hardy and Miss Woolson are continued.

Paul Hayne contributes a poem, "The Dead Child and the Mocking Bird;" and Will Carleton, the author of Farm Ballads, a poem of considerable length, entitled "The First Settler's Story"—illustrated by Frost. Both poems are of the pathetic order. Will Carleton has never written anything better than "The First Settler's Story."

The Editorial Departments are well sustained.

FEASTING IN INDIA.

Favorite Dishes of the Natives.

The Californian.

Squatting in the center of piles of various delicacies is the vendor. And curious are these sweets. Milky cream and coarse brown sugar are their chief ingredients. No attempt is made at decoration. In fact, the native would not appreciate anything which savored of delicacy. His cookery is always strong. Horrid garlic, greasy ghi, or clarified butter—condiments at which the European would sicken—are the *bonnes bouches* of their culinary efforts. The quantity of sweets a strong man consumes borders upon the marvelous. The reason is of easy account. A Hindu, by his religion, is forbidden to eat meat, and the most nourishing food he can obtain is saccharine matter. A sweetmeat called *jellabi* is in high esteem. This is made in imitation of a hollow coil of rope and filled with treacle. A mouthful to a tender stomach is provocative of cholera or biliousness for at least a month. But the English schoolboy has been known to compete with the Hindu in such gastronomic feat; for one boy has been known to eat, at a sitting, about 12 solid pounds. The doctors prophesied of him immediate death, but he smiled sickly and thought a draught of milk would set him right.

In all great native feasts confectionery takes an important place. First, as the guests arrange themselves, is handed round in a silver tray the attar, a scent procured from the rose. This is rubbed into the clothes of the guests. Then follow the pan and betel. This is the nut of the areca pounded, and with lime enclosed in a large, green succulent leaf. It is an appetizer, and eaten in the same manner as a European would drink, just before dinner, sherry and bitters. The taste is acid, but withal pleasant, and the lime brightly reddens the lips. This is greatly admired by the natives. Then follows rice, sugar and milk, and pound upon pound of the coarsest lollypops. Not a word is spoken during the feast. Each man is bent upon his meal, and those who wish to highly honor their host tie around their stomach before sitting down, a tender thread. When this breaks the gentleman thinks he has satisfied his appetite. As when in olden times in Europe a lady thought she paid a compliment to her host when she said she had been so drunk as to forget how she reached home, so a native of a certain caste thinks he is courteous when he says the repast was so good as to cause severe indigestion. It is not an uncommon thing after a grand feast that at least two or three people die from over-gorging; and then another feast has to be given at which probably some more die. Thus is Death's sickle not permitted to rust. A sweetmeat shop is a frequented place, not only by the younger members of the community, but by the sage and hoary. But nothing can be bought without wrangling. Though a man may buy a pound of the self-same article for 10 years running, he would each time try to reduce the price, and the seller, knowing this peculiarity, invariably asks about double the real price.

The Reason Why.

The tonic effect of Kidney-Wort is produced by its cleansing and purifying action on the blood. Where there is a gravelly deposit in the urine, or milky, ropy urine from disordered kidneys, it always cures.—*Leader.*

BAFFLED BEAUTY'S REVENGE.

The Description One of The Rejected Girls Gives of Forepaugh's Belle.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

Some three or four weeks ago the competition for the $10,000 prize offered by a circus man for the most beautiful woman in America to travel with his circus, for one year had narrowed down to five applicants, one each from Chicago, Pennsylvania, New York, Kentucky and Georgia. These five competing beauties had sent their photographs with color of hair and eyes, hight, weight, and other details of description, but the Committee was unable to decide, and the only way out of the dilema was selected. They were all instructed to come on to Philadelphia in person and undergo the inspection of an actual stare from the Committee. The fortunate applicant for the prize of honor was Miss Louise Montague, of New York, a variety actress, who has long been on the boards. The names of the disappointed ones are not given, and the fair and adventurous Kentucky damsel seemed to be beyond discovery. Last Thursday she arrived in Louisville on her return, and will be in this City a few days visiting friends before returning home. On Friday a reporter of the *Courier-Journal*, hearing of her presence, called and asked if she had any objection to giving an account of the manner in which the decision was rendered, and something about the competitors. She responded at first in the negative, but, being urged, at last consented, and a very interesting half-hour's conversation was the result.

Miss Georgie Winnett, the young lady who represented the fame of Kentucky's beauty in the memorable contest, was certainly a very handsome woman as she appeared in her cousin's parlor, even without the advantage of on elaborate toilet. She is above the medium size, and is what would be technically called a magnificent blonde. While not fleshy, Miss Winnett is plump, with that rich curve and fullness of outline, which when the divine form is incased in the tight-fitting dresses of fashionable design, suggest the idea of a "running overness." She was dressed in some dark material, neatly, but not in a style to set off her full grace, nor the splendid color of the "head," regarding her as a picture. She has a fine, frank face, with a rather small but beautifully-arched mouth and pink lips. Her eyes are approaching brown in color, large and flashing, while her nose is well cut and almost classical. Her complexion is like a lily, with a faint tinge in her cheeks, but it is as transparent and smooth as enamel. This face is framed by a splendid suit of "fluffy" golden hair, which she said reached to her waist, but which at the time was worn in a French twist down the back of the head.

"I hardly know what to tell you," said Miss Winnett, seriously, after the young man with thumping heart had feasted his eyes upon her, evidently to her great amusement.

"Was it a fair competition?" asked that fortunate youth.

"It was nothing in the world but a perfect fraud and a sham," responded the fair idol, emphatically.

The reporter murmured an "I should think so, when so beautiful a Kentucky girl was defeated," when Miss Winnett continued:

"I am a Kentucky girl, though I don't live in Kentucky. I live at Troy, Ind., with my aunt, who is here with me. But I was born in Franklin County, and my father kept a grocery store in this city, on Hancock street, for a while. I've lived here in Kentucky long enough to know a pretty girl when I see her, and there was not one real beauty in the whole lot."

The reporter ventured to question that statement, at least so far as one was concerned, because he had ocular proof.

"Oh, that's all flattery and nonsense," said Miss Winnett. "I'm a 'right peart girl,' as they say, but then there are hundreds of girls as good-looking as I am here in Louisville, and as for being the most beautiful woman in America, that is simply bosh—and I never pretend to think so." She curled her lip contemptuously at this, showing a dazzling set of teeth. "I sent my picture in just for fun, and the first I knew there came a letter telling me to come on to Philadelphia and meet four other girls. The letter said Mr. Forepaugh would allow me $150 for expenses, whether I was chosen or not. I showed it to aunt and she thought if I could get $10,000 that way it was a great thing, and so we started off. We got there, and all the girls met in the office. There was no committee that I saw, except a hatchet-faced young man with a big mustache, who hawed around a heap and said things that he thought were very funny. He said that he wanted to get us all to smile, and then we smiled. We kept going there for two or three days, and then one at a time. Then he announced to us all in a letter that Miss Montague had been selected, and sent us a check for $150."

"Did you see Miss Montague?"

"Yes, I did; and I think it's a pretty good joke to call her the most beautiful woman in America. She is one of these sly, kittenish brunets, with hatchet shoulders. She's got big black-brown eyes and wears a big hat. I can pick out 50 girls here in Louisville that beat her looking all to pieces. She wasn't as good-looking as the Chicago girl—Miss Edwards."

"What is her style?"

"She is a brunet, and taller and heavier than Miss Montague, and a heap more stylish, to my mind," said Miss Winnett, with decided emphasis. "They call her Miss Montague, but she's a married woman, or ought to be, and she's got a boy 3 years old. Her husband is Bobby Newcomb, a negro minstrel, and I heard yesterday she played here with him at the Knickerbocker Varieties this Winter, and was fired out of a hotel for treating her child cruelly. They said she went off and left the baby locked up in the dark in her room, without a nurse, while she was playing at the theater, and having a good time eating suppers after the show."

"Are you certain of that?"

"All I am saying is what I heard," remarked the young lady, with a wicked gleam; "and she looks like one of those demure things that some people go wild over without finding out anything until it's too late."

"The papers describe her as a very beautiful woman," ventured the reporter.

"Yes, I've seen the papers; and they say she is going to get every reporter to write his name in her album, and that's why they say she is so perfect-ly lav-ishing!"

"You are hard on her."

"No, I haven't got anything to say against her. I don't envy her. I went in for it for fun, and I'm satisfield. But it makes me smile all over to see how they go on about that little waspy thing."

Miss Winnett was very kind to the reporter, and gave him some assistance in venturing a description of herself. She laughed heartily when he proposed to describe her plump arms and shoulders as looking like she was "running over."

After leaving her the *Courier-Journal* went in search of the facts about Miss Montague's last engagement here. She played at the Knickerbocker twice, each time with her husband, Bobby Newcomb as Miss Winnett states, for treating their child badly. In fact they were not "fired" at all, but there was some complaint about the child being left at the hotel alone at night, and crying himself to sleep.

In attempting to find somebody who had seen Miss Montague, and could describe her accurately, the reporter fell foully upon a boarder at the Fifth Avenue hotel, but they were not "fired,"

Answers to Correspondents.

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot advantageously answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. This rule is not required for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. All communications not complying with the rule find their way to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in regard to patent rights. We are willing to give all correspondents an opportunity to ask and answer questions, but we have not the Type for publishing Algebraic problems and

1. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of a family paper. Only a limited number of questions can be answered every week, and the editor is obliged to exercise his discretion in the selection of those calculated to promote the general interest.

2. Questions as to the standing or reliability of individuals or corporations, doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsement is too valuable to be bestowed indiscriminately, and it cannot be expected that at the present time it will investigate the standing of an individual or a business house in a distant part of the country.

3. Questions whose inquiries are not accompanied within a reasonable time would do us no good. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the matter was unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

4. Subscribers will please note that subscribers will keep all matters of the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions pertaining to subscriptions must never be written upon the same leaf with letters containing matter for orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents' Department."

W. J. L., Pleasant Hill, Ill.:
When did Washington die?
George Washington died December 14, 1799, aged 67 years.

S. R. L., Shakspee, Minn.:
1. Where and by whom was the slave trade abolished in the dominions of Great Britain? 2. When and by whom was the question in that country first agitated? 3. Can you obtain it?
1. May 1, 1807, by George III. 2. Granville Sharpe.

G. H., White Hall, Ill.:
Will you please inform me if there is any valuable work on the manufacture of pottery or stoneware, and if so, the name of the same, and if there is, can I obtain it?
Write to the Pottery Journal, New York City.

Iowa, Winslow, Ia.:
1. The total bushels of corn and the 2,000-bushels of wheat still on the New York canals that was frozen in last Winter? If it is, when will it reach the New York market?
The canals were opened for business May 12, and the boats, about 1,000 in number, are hurrying through.

F. S. W., Brick Church, Giles Co., Tenn.:
1. Why do printers leave wide spaces between words and narrow spaces after periods? 2. Where is America and who spells his name Willson?
1. Good printers do not, except on daily papers, where copy has to be "rushed up" without regard to looks. 2. Not that we know of.

W. C. J., High Point, Mo.:
1. Are the Nihilists organized in their opposition to Russia's present form of Government? 2. Is Russia united as to her policies or do they differ regarding their religious views?
1. Yes. 2. Their doctrine is that nothing can be known—a skeptic even carried to the denial of all knowledge and all reality.

O. H. G., Clifton, No.:
Please give the popular vote for President in 1880. State the vote of each—Garfield, Hancock and Weaver.
This question has been answered several times, but here it is again: Garfield, 4,454,416; Hancock, 4,442,180; Weaver, 307,009; Dow, 9,814; scattering 8,720.

Sallie, Battle Creek, Mich.:
Please give the name of the vessel making the fastest time between New York and Liverpool.
The fastest time on record was made by the steamship Arizona, of the Williams & Guion line, from New York to Queenstown, Ireland. The time made was seven days, eight hours and eight minutes, the steamer sailing from New York July 22, and arriving July 29, 1879.

T. A. R., Cherry Creek, Nev.:
1. When was Solomon's Temple completed, and how long were workmen employed upon it? 2. Was Paris ever visited by plague and famine? If so, when?
1. The Temple was dedicated 1004 B. C., seven years and six months from the time of its commencement. 2. Yes; in 1468 it is said that more than 50,000 persons died of famine and plague in Paris.

T. J. E., Jefferson City, Pa.:
Will THE BLADE please give a description of the musk ox and his peculiarities; also of what country is he a native?
The musk ox is a ruminant mammal animal of the bovine tribe, which inhabits the country about Hudson Bay. It is considerably smaller than the common ox; the legs short and thick, and the hair long, fine and matted; it has long horns united to the skull, but turned downward. It is called the musk ox in consequence of its flesh smelling very strongly of musk.

F. R. M., Hammond, Mo.:
1. What descent is James G. Blaine, and where was he born? 2. Who made the longest speech in the Senate?
1. His great grandfather, Ephraim Blaine, was Commissary General under George Washington, but no authority we have at hand gives the place of his birth. James G. was born in Washington County, Pa., Jan. 30, 1830. 2. Probably Foote or Buchanan—neither of whom knew when to stop when once wound up.

J. B. E., Rochester, Ind.:
Is a model required at the Patent Office when an invention can be fully represented by a drawing and specifications? If a drawing is sufficient, what size should it be?
Persons who apply for patents are by law required to furnish a model, in all cases where the invention can be illustrated by a model. The model must not exceed 12 inches in any of its dimensions, made of hard wood or metal, with the name of the inventor engraved or painted conspicuously upon it.

F. N. B., Corry, Pa.:
Is there an insurance company in Pennsylvania for unmarried males and females, with an insurance payable at the time of marriage? If so where and how can any one become a member?
There are all sorts of wild cat insurance companies in Pennsylvania, and there may be one of the character you mention, but we have no knowledge of it. The Legislature is wrestling with the insurance question in that State, and will probably wipe out the most of them organized under the mutual plan. There has been great fraud practiced lately in this direction.

C. C. Y., Liberty Center, O.:
1. How many millions make a billion? 2. What is your opinion about a certain time in the moon resulting differently in the planting of seeds, in raising crops, and of other advantages? Also, laying rail fence to last settle in the ground, and laying shingles to not curl up?
1. According to the French method, a thousand millions; according to the English method, a million of millions. 2. As the moon is said to regulate the tides of the ocean, it no doubt has its influence on seed time and harvest, and probably finds time to look after curled shingles, etc.

C. E. S., Collyer, Kan.:
It appears that by act of Congress of July 17, 1862, an alien who had served in the United States Army was entitled to his full citizenship papers, by appearing in "open Court" and presenting his discharges. Now what I want to know is, what does "open Court" signify? Would it do to appear before a Justice or a Notary Public?
Neither a Justice of the Peace or a Notary Public have authority to issue naturalization papers. A Probate Court, outside of United States and State Courts, is the only tribunal empowered to issue such papers.

Little Ike, Caddo Gap, Neb.:
Why are the letters of the English alphabet arranged in the order they are?
The English alphabet is derived from the Latin, the Latin from the Greek, the Greek from the Phœnician, the Phœnician from the old Semitic, of unknown origin. It originally consisted of 22 signs; U and X were the first additions, made by the Greeks, and Y and Z later additions made to the Latin from the Greek. Why the alphabet came to be arranged in its present shape is a question that the most learned have failed to solve.

License, Marietta, O.:
Will you please give some statistics in regard to Maine since prohibition has been enforced in that State—I mean in regard to crime, increase of population, etc.?
The last State Prison report as compared with the report for 1851 does not show a very gratifying exhibit. The figures show that while the population of the State has increased but 14 per cent. the increase in murders has been 425 per cent.; manslayers, 400 per cent.; murderous assaults, 133 per cent.; rape, 800 per cent. Insanity, divorce and suicide have also increased at a rapid rate.

C. N. H., Tama City, Ia.:
What was Stonehenge, one of the wonders of the world?
The name given to a vast accumulation of immense stones, some erect, others prostrate, scattered over a large portion of Salisbury Plain, two miles from Amesbury, and supposed, when in their original position, to have composed a Druidical temple. The upright stones are 20 feet in hight, seven in breadth, and three feet thick; these bear other stones, placed at right angles over them, and secured by tenons and mortices. This circle measures 300 feet in diameter and eight feet within it is the second circle, composed of more angular-shaped stones, but smaller in every respect; while outside of all lie many stones scattered about, one of these being 24 feet in circumference.

Subscriber, Marion, Kan.:
Why cannot the Vice President break the dead-lock in the Senate—that is, if it is not caused by his vote?
The Senate is governed by a set of rules, under which the Vice President is powerless. The regular order of business (the election of Senate officers) is called up each day by the Republicans. To prevent a vote the Democrats move to go into Executive session. This is a "privileged question," and takes precedence. Being voted down, they fall back on another "privileged question" a motion to adjourn. By alternating these motions, and making windy speeches, they can "stave off" a vote on the motion to elect officers indefinitely, if they have the "cheek" to do so; and as that is an article in which Democrats generally and Democratic Senators in particular have no competition, the prospects for the "regular order of business" being taken up look rather slim.

O. J. S., Elon, Ia.:
Will you tell me how to plant peanuts, what ground is the best, how to work it, when to plant, &c.?
Good corn land should be selected, which should not be of a reddish color, and that stains the shells and diminishes the price. The land is marked off in furrows three feet apart, and in these two peas, deprived of their shells, are dropped at intervals of 18 inches, and covered an inch and a half deep; the crop is cultivated until the pods begin to form, when it is laid by. Harvesting is done after the first frost; the vines are dug with pronged hoes, allowed to lie two days to dry, and then stacked or taken to a shed to cure; in about two weeks the peanuts are picked from the vines, which is slow work by hand, as an expert can pick only about three bushels per day; a machine is used now by those who enter extensively into their cultivation. A good crop is 100 bushels to the acre. The peanut may be cultivated in Northern gardens by those who wish to witness its curious habit of pushing the pods under ground to ripen, but they rarely come to perfection.

A. N. M.:
1. Is Bright's disease of the kidneys curable? 2. Where can I get the best works treating on Bright's disease, and by what author? 3. By what laws or regulations is the Commissioner of Patents governed? Please give me a short history.
1. Bright's disease exists in two forms—acute and chronic. In the first class about two-thirds recover. In the chronic form there is little if any reason for hope. The existence of the disease in either form can only be determined by careful chemical and microscopic examination of the urine. 2. Diseases of the Urinary Organs, by Robt. F. Weik; Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, by T. G. Stewart. Valuable articles on the subject are to be found in any reliable work on the practice of medicine, especially Reynolds' System of Medicine, vol. 3, Robert Clark & Co., 65 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, O. 3. The founder was John Humphrey Noyes, born in Brattleboro, Vt., Sept. 3, 1811. He was licensed to preach in 1833, but in 1834 he experienced what he called "a second conversion," and the license was annulled. They practice community of women as well as of goods, maintain the equality of women with men in social and business life, and live in a "unitary home." The less the outside world has to do with such people, the better.

G. G., Newark, O.:
Will you please give a sketch of the life of Louis Agassiz; where he was born? Was he married—how old when he died?
Agassiz, though born in Switzerland, May 28, 1807, made France and America the principal theatres of his labors and research. After holding for a number of years the chair of natural history at Neufchatel, he accepted an invitation from America, to take the gown for the same branch of study in the Cambridge College of Massachusetts. A large portion of his scientic inquiry was directed to the subject of fossils, and it is to his investigation that we owe the division of the fossil remains of fishes into genera according to the formation and arrangement of the scales. He confirmed the the theory that the red snow, so frequently observed, especially in Switzerland, depended on the presence of minute animalculæ. He believed in the creation of higher orders of organized beings on the earth, and held that the human race has had, in its separate species, dissimilar stocks of originality. As an author, his contributions to science have been numerous and varied. He was also the originator of the "Bibliographia Zoologicaet Geologica," a work of sterling excellence, and with which his name will always be honorably associated. He was married, and was about 65 years of age at the time of his death.

E. B., Howard Lake, Minn.:
1. Why is the census taken every 10 years? 2. Where were the three greatest battles of the late civil war fought? Are there are any firms that make hand looms to weave cloth? If so, where could I write for information?
1. The census is required to be taken every 10 years to determine the ratio of representation in Congress, and the occasion has been used to gather all sorts of information regarding the development of the country. 2. In the Battle of the Wilderness the Union loss is reported as 3,288 killed, 19,279 wounded and 6,781 prisoners; Rebel loss in killed, 3,500; wounded, 16,000; prisoners, 8,400. In the seven day's fighting culminating in the battle of Malvern Hill, the total Union loss in killed, wounded and prisoners was 15,224, and that of the Rebels 20,000. At Gettysburg the Union loss was 23,190; Rebel loss, 36,000. At Chickamauga the Union loss was 15,851, and the Rebel loss 18,469. At Antietam the Union loss was 12,000 and the Rebel loss 9,000. At Shiloh the Union loss was 12,217, and the Rebel loss 10,699. At Stone River (or Murfreesboro) the Union loss was 11,653, and the Rebel loss 10,000. In this battle, for the number engaged, the casualities were the greatest of any of the battles of the war. At Chancellorsville the Union loss was 16,700, and the Rebel loss 20,000. In the word "loss" is included killed, wounded, missing and prisoners. There were so many great battles that it is a difficult matter, even at this late day, to characterize any as the "greatest." 3. We know of no firm of this character.

E. J. M., Normal, Ill.:
Will you please inform me, through the BLADE, the name of the Governor of each State; also Terr tories?
Alabama, R. W. Cobb, Dem.; Arkansas, T. J. Churchill, Dem.; California, Geo. C. Perkins, Rep.; Colorado, F. W. Pitkin, Rep.; Connecticut, H. B. Bigelow, Rep.; Delaware, J. W. Hall, Dem.; Florida, Wm D. Bloxham, Dem.; Georgia, A. H. Colquitt, Dem.; Illinois, S. H. Cullom, Rep.; Indiana, A. G. Porter, Rep.; Iowa, J. H. Gear, Rep.; Kansas, J. P. St. John, Rep.; Kentucky, L. P. Blackburn, Dem.; Louisiana, L. A. Wiltz, Dem.; Maine, H. M. Plaisted, Fus.; Maryland, W. T. Hamilton, Dem.; Massachusetts, J. D. Long, Rep.; Michigan, D. H. Jerome, Rep.; Minnesota, J. S. Pillsbury, Rep.; Mississippi, J. M. Stone, Dem.; Missouri, T. T. Crittenden, Dem.; Nebraska, A. Nance, Rep.; Nevada, J. H. Kinkead, Rep.; New Hampshire, C. H. Bell, Rep.; New Jersey, G. C. Ludlow, Dem.; New York, A. B. Cornell, Rep.; North Carolina, T. J. Jarvis, Dem.; Ohio, C. Foster, Rep.; Oregon, Wm. W. Thayer, Dem.; Pennsylvania, H. M. Hoyt, Rep.; Rhode Island, A. H. Littlefield, Rep.; South Carolina, J. Hapgood, Dem.; Tennessee, A. Hawkins, Rep.; Texas, O. M. Roberts, Dem.; Vermont, R. Farnham, Rep.; Virginia, F. W. M. Holliday, Dem.; West Virginia, J. B. Jackson, Dem.; Wisconsin, Wm. E. Smith, Rep.; Alaska not organized; Arizona, J. C. Fremont, Rep.; Dakota, N. G. Ordway, Rep.; Idaho, J. B. Neil, Rep.; Indian, not organized; Montana, B. F. Potts, Rep.; New Mexico, L. Wallace, Rep.; Utah, E. H. Murray, Rep.; Washington, W. A. Newell, Rep.; Wyoming, J. W. Hoyt, Rep.

B. D. A., Spring Valley, Minn.:
Will you please give me facts concerning the Thirty Years' War?
It was a religious and political conflict which involved the German Empire and the principal States of Europe from 1618 to 1648. The causes which led to this struggle reach back to the early part of the 16th century, when the Reformation divided Germany into two hostile religious parties, but the storm burst May 23, 1618, when an assemblage of Protestants, led by Count Thurn, entered the palace at Prague and seizing two of the most odious members of the Council of Regency appointed by the Crown, hurled them from a lofty window. Thurn and his associates organized a general rising, and in a short time nearly all Bohemia was in their hands. The insurrection spread into Upper Austria and Morovia. The Battle of the White Mountain, before the walls of Prague, Nov. 8, 1620, drove Frederick from his throne. Executions and confiscations followed, and the Kingdom was given over to the Jesuits. The battle of Prague was followed by the dissolution of the Protestant Union, but Mansfeld, who had not shared in the defeat, determined to retain his army. In 1624 the Catholic party again triumphed, but the excesses which followed rekindled the flames of war, and in 1625 the Lower States of Saxony rose and united with Christian IV., of Denmark, who took the lead in the struggle. Peace was made with him in 1629, and the Protestants everywhere subdued. The following named persons, late members of Co. B, 21st Regt., Ills. Vol. Inf., and if dead, I would like the date and place of death to place on the roll of honor: Lewis F. Benge, Wm. H. Biglow, Eli Davis, Aaron Elliott, Columbus Hawbrook, Oliver C. W. Kinney, Hugh L. McCormack, Henry W. Newbanks, William Rice, Thos. P. Sayer, Samuel N. Hoover, John Winkler, Wm. Zigler.

M. A. EWING, Secretary.
Co. B Society, 21st Ills. Vols. (Grant's Old Regt.) Neoga, Ill.

Information Furnished.

The 14th of January, 1860, came in on Saturday.

W. A. A., Palmyra, Ill.: Apply to your member of Congress.

Sam. S., Tidioute, Pa.: Apply to an engraver on wood or metal.

The address of Mrs. Mary Ann Johnson is Casey, Guthrie Co., Ia.

The address of Dr. J. D. Miller is Crawfordsville, Washington Co., Ia.

The address of Lieut. Thomas McCauley is Drumville, Dunn Co., Wis.

D. W. D., Arkam, Pa.: Mark Twain is the author of Innocents Abroad.

Mrs. T. M. C., Ashley, Ill.: The books you inquire for are on sale at nearly all book stores.

H. L. K., Farmersburg, Ia.: Pitman's phonography is preferred by many short-hand writers.

A. B., Toledo, O.: We have no means of obtaining the information you desire, but would not advise any girl to go to Colorado alone.

W. K., Central City, Kan.: Send a three-cent stamp to Cunnirgham & Co., 14 Pearl street, Boston, Mass., and you will receive bicycle and trycicle catalog containing full description of these vehicles.

Alaska, Chautauqua, N. Y.: The Counties in Missouri affected by the fraudulent land titles are in the Southwestern part of the State, we think, but the data is not at hand to locate the Counties by name.

F. P. P.: The publication of a dissolution notice must be made in the County where the parties do business. This fact of a creditor of the firm not being a subscriber to the paper in which the notice appears does not signify. Every man is supposed to take his County paper first, and then subscribe for the good old BLADE.

K. C. R., Longmont, Col.: Each State has its own laws in regard to the rights of married women to hold property, etc. We do not know the provisions of the Colorado law. In case of divorce, the Court usually gives the custody of the children to the mother, unless it is shown that she is unfit to take charge of them. There is no State where females are denied school facilities, equally with males.

Delayed Subscriptions.

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

If J. H. Smith, Fairview, will give his full address, the error will be corrected.

If G. W. Kridler, Marysville, will give his full Postoffice address, the complaint will be looked up.

Will Blair Stevens, who complains of not receiving his book, give his full postoffice address?

If J. E. Morrison will give his full Postoffice address the error he alludes to will be corrected.

If W. S. Poulter, North Liberty, will give his full postoffice address the error will be rectified.

Letter containing $1.20, signed Jas. Dinwiddie, no postoffice, county or State.

Will Mary Walsh, Muskogee, give her full address, and the complaint will be looked into.

Letter containing $1.25, dated at Leisening, Fayette Co., Pa., no name attached.

Letter containing $1, dated Whiteborough, no County or State, to pay for BLADE to O. B. Waters.

Will Levi Stedwell, of Lincolnville, give his full address, and the complaint will be looked up.

The Sunday School.

Parable of the Pounds.

LESSON 9, SUNDAY, MAY 29, 1881.

GOLDEN TEXT.—So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.—Rom. 14: 12.

LESSON TEXT.

Luke 19: 11-27.

11. And as they heard these these things, he added and spake a parable, because he was nigh to Jerusalem, and because they thought the kingdom of God should immediately appear. 12. He said therefore, A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom and to return. 13. And he called his ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come. 14. But his citizens hated him, and sent a message after him, saying, we will not have this man to reign over us. 15. And it came to pass, that when he was returned, having received the kingdom, then he commanded these servants to be brought unto him, to whom he had given the money, that he might know how much every man had gained by trading. 16. Then came the first, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds. 17. And he said unto him, Well, thou good servant; because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities. 18. And the second came saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained five pounds. 19. And he said likewise to him, Be thou also over five cities. 20. And another came saying, Lord, behold here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin; 21. For I feared thee, because thou art an austere man; thou takest up that thou laydest not down, and reapest that thou didst not sow. 22. And he saith unto him, Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant. Thou knewest that I was not an austere man, taking up that I laid not down, and reaping that I did not sow. 23. Wherefore then gavest not thou my money into the bank, that at my coming I might have required my own with usury? 24. And he said unto him that stood by, Take from him the pound, and give it to him that hath ten pounds. 25. (And they said, Lord, he hath ten pounds.) 26. For I say unto you, That unto every man which hath shall be given, and from him that hath not, even that he hath shall be taken away from him. 27. But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither, and slay them before me.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

Because he was nigh unto Jerusalem (v. 11.)—The time and circumstances are suggestive. It was his last journey to that city. How often he was nigh unto it, and how far Jerusalem was from him! Because he is near, is the reason why many lessons and warnings are given. He draws near in his providence, his word his Spirit. There are times of visitation for cities, churches, or schools, or individuals. "And because they thought the kingdom of God should immediately appear." It is evident that they were expecting it, that it had not come, and they looked for it then. This is the scriptural attitude of the believer. Expecting, we pray, "Thy kingdom come." We watch, knowing that it will come. Thy kingdom, epitomised in the believer, will be set up and established in the earth.

A certain nobleman went into a far country, to receive for himself a kingdom (v. 12)—It was a nobleman who went, for none other would expect a kingdom. In its highest meaning, there never was but one nobleman on the earth; either by birth, nobility of character, conquest of enemies, extent of dominion, duration of reign, exaltation of his subjects, or glory of his kingdom All others, by natural generation, are plebeian, and only those who are born again ever enter his kingdom (John 3: 3-6.) There they rank under him, according to his measure. There are many kings under him, like Gideon's brothers. The family of Jesus resembles him. In Revelation 4: 10, their representatives are crowned. Spurgeon says: "Kings (1.) Die gratia; (2.) by hereditary descent; (3.) by marriage; (4.) by conquest and victory; (5.) by nobility of character; (6.) by the glorious transformation." This is is true in earthly things. The noble men reign. In science, in art, in commerce, in all the walks of life. Meanness, when allied to power, is contemptable. He went to receive for himself a kingdom and to return. He was going to be invested with the kingdom, to be put in possession of it and to return. As the Roman kings and governors of Judea went to Rome to be invested with authority, or crowned, we are going on to our coronation, and our crowns are waiting. Of this, some seem as careless as the man with the muck rake in the interpreter's house.

He called his ten servants (or, ten of his servants) and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come (v. 13.)—This was their duty. It is plain from verse 14 that rebellion was going on during his absence, but his servants were to be occupied with peace. No swords, but pounds; not weapons but gifts. They were not an army—either of conquest or occupation; not to conquer the world, but in the midst of rebellion to be a "ambassadors for Christ." This proved the absence of the king, and that the kingdom was in abeyance. They were, and are, in a foreign land. Ambassadors are not commissioned for home service. Our occupation is service for Christ.

His citizens hated him and sent a message—We will not have this man to reign over us (v. 14.)—From the days of Stephen until now this has been the message of the world to Jesus. It is the language of every unrenewed heart; it is the test of discipleship. Does Jesus Christ reign in my heart? Not, have I corner or place for him? but, does he reign there? His place is on the throne. Those who deny him this or rebel against his authority, are kin to those of verse 14.

And it came to pass that when he was returned, having received the kingdom (v. 15) —Three things are here stated. "It came to pass." It has, and it will. Prophecies, promises, and warnings, often repeated, and in due time it has been written, "It came to pass." Then he "received the kingdom." His it was, and is, and he will have it. He must reign. And, third, he is coming again. He will return and then he will reward his servants. How his "well done!" will empty memory of every reproach of the world, and the joy of his accepting smile will repay every effort put forth in his behalf.

Good servant . . . faithful in a very little, . . . authority over ten cities (v. 17.)—Not "good" and successful servant, but "faithful." Faith—faith ful or faithless. And the question is not as to ten cities, or five; for any place where Jesus puts us will be utterly satisfying. Some weeks ago a great procession was in Chicago. On Sunday evening before, the park was filled with tents and people, in preparation for the display on Tuesday. Passing down the avenue a lad said, as we crossed the railway track, "Did you see that long train of cars, sir? They are going after the Knights." "Yes, I saw them," was the reply. "My cousin is one of them, sir; he is a sir knight. I wish I was one of them," said the boy. "Why?" said the gentleman. "Oh, they look so pretty, and they'll have a big time, sir." "Yes," said the man, "but it is a big expense—one or two millions, and the interest of the money would support all the poor in the city." "I never thought of that," said the boy; "and we are poor." Having asked his age, residence, and place of work, the gentleman said, "Do you go to church and Sunday school?" "Yes," said the boy. "Did you ever hear of Jesus?" "Yes, indeed." "Do you know he will come again—come in glory with all the angels, with all the prophets, kings, martyrs, holy men and children, and with all the babies that have ever died?" "We-l-l," said the boy, "I don't believe this procession, big as is, will be a flea bite to that one; do you, sir?" "No, indeed," said the man; "and remember also, that when he comes in glory, he will give places to every one who has been faithful to him; even a boy may shine in that great company." "Well, sir," said the lad, "I will tell you what I think. I had rather be at the tail-end of Jesus' procession than to be at the head of this one. Wouldn't you sir?" Even so it will be. But his enemies, what of them? Slain before him. These are his servants, his family, and his enemies; there is glory, reward and judgment. Which for you and me?—*J. F. Jacobs in S. S. Times.*

Did Him Good.

New York Union.

Mr. Charles A. Bauer, editor of the above paper and Notary Public, in a late issue mentions the following:

Patrick Kenny, Esq., some time ago suffered much from rheumatism and tried almost every means to rid himself of this painful evil, but in vain. He was advised to use St. Jacobs Oil, which he did so successfully that all pain has left him and he is as healthy and strong as ever before. Mr. Kenny is an enthusiastic advocate of St. Jacobs Oil, and it has done him good.

Conkling's Folly.

Washington Post (Dem.)

It is a great piece of folly for Mr. Conkling to imagine that he was elected instead of Mr. Garfield. Quite possibly he should have been, but quite possibly he wasn't. He must, therefore, go slow. He is not the engine on the track, but the obstruction. If he insists on a collision, he will never be able to collect enough of himself together thoroughly to contemplate the situation.

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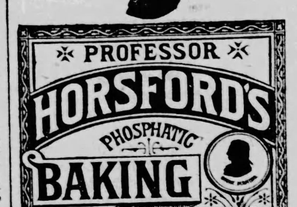

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D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y. and Toronto, Ont.

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will restore the healthy action and all these destroying evils will be banished; neglect them and you will live but to suffer.
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Deeper and broader than ocean or sea,
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"He who conquers, wins a crown
For we bear the cross no more,
When we reach the golden shore."

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INVESTMENTS.

32d

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AT MACAULEY'S THEATRE,
In the City of Louisville, on
TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1881.

These drawings occur monthly (Sundays excepted) under provisions of an Act of the General Assembly of Kentucky, incorporating the Newport Printing and Newspaper Co., approved April 9, 1878.
☞ This is a special act, and has never been repealed.
The United States Circuit Court on March 31 rendered the following decision:
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2d—Its drawings are fair.
The Company has now on hand a large Reserve Fund. Read the list of prizes for the

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1 Prize	$30,000	100 Prizes, $100 each		$10,000
1 Prize	10,000	200 Prizes, 50 each		10,000
1 Prize	5,000	600 Prizes, 20 each		12,000
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10 Prizes, $1,000 each		$10,000.		
20 Prizes, 500 each		10,000.		
9 Prizes, 200 each		Approximation Prizes		$2,700
9 Prizes, 100 each		"	"	1,800
1,980 Prizes				$112,500

Whole Tickets, $2. Half Tickets, $1.
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THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pub'rs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, O., THURSDAY, MAY 19 1881.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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NASBY IN EUROPE.

MAY 16th, Mr. D. R. LOCKE, (Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby) will sail for Europe, for the purpose of contributing a series of letters to the TOLEDO BLADE. These letters will cover a period of six months, commencing June 1st.

They will be written in Mr. Nasby's peculiar vein, and will be as full of fun as he can make them. The TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is the LARGEST Political and Family paper in the United States, and in addition to this feature, contains a score of others, known to and approved by a majority of the families in every State and Territory.

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NASBY PORTRAIT FREE

Every subscriber to the BLADE, during the publication of Mr. Locke's European letters, for either three or six months, will receive free of charge a splendid

PORTRAIT OF D. R. LOCKE,

in size and style similar to the one of President Garfield which we issued last Summer. This portrait in the picture shores would sell for 50c. It will not be put upon the market at all, and can only be had by subscribers to THE BLADE.

Those desiring these letters complete and the portrait will do well to send their orders early. We shall print an extra edition, to be able to send back numbers, but that supply will doubtless be exhausted in a month. Send your orders immediately.

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BLADE CO., Toledo, O.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Rev. PETROLEUM V. NASBY sailed for Europe last Saturday on the steamer "City of Richmond," and by this time is off the coast of Ireland. The first of his series of letters under the title of "Nasby in Exile" will appear in the WEEKLY BLADE of June 9, and will appear regularly every week thereafter. We hope our readers will inform their friends in time that they may subscribe before the first letter appears. The terms are given in the announcement above.

CONKLING'S speech was mostly whine. This is a new key for the Great Boss.

J. G. BENNETT is said to have lost $25,000 at cards, in Nice, one night recently.

MR. BRADY is not so noisy as he was a week ago. He perceives that silence becomes him better.

THE revenue to the Government in England from patent medicines is over $1,000, 000 a year.

THE murder of Sultan ABDUL AZIZ bids fair to be avenged. In the jail at Constantinople 20 persons are awaiting trial for the crime.

A CINCINNATI lawyer has excited the admiration of his professional brethren all over the country by charging a fee of $20,000 for collecting $50,000.

THE arrest of Mr. DILLON has caused the greatest excitement in Dublin, and in fact everywhere in Great Britain. He was one of the most efficient and energetic workers of the Land League.

THE present army organization of France is said to be better than it has ever been before. In almost every particular that country is in a more prosperous condition than for years.

GEN. SHERMAN has quarreled with Sec. LINCOLN. This is a little earlier than his usual time for a row with a new Secretary of War, but his temper grows worse with his increase of years.

COMMISSIONER LEDUC has had several kinds of tea produced upon a tea farm in South Carolina tried by dealers who pronounce them excellent. It is considered very encouraging for the future of tea culture in the United States.

GEO. GORHAM is another bogus Stalwart. He is Stalwart now, when he wants office, but a few years ago he was ready to extinguish the Republican organization in California, and trade off its remains to the highest bidder for his services.

MR. CONKLING'S plea to the caucus was that the unrestricted use of the appointing power by the President would inevitably tend toward a most dreadful centralization. But as long as we have the appointing power in the President's hands we have the responsibility there too, and we can hold him to a strict account for all his appointments. Where will be the accountability if we place the appointing power in the hands of an irresponsible ring of Senatorial oligarchs, and will it be any less centralization to have a cotirie of Senators control the appointments than the President? The Venetian Council of Ten Senators was more of a centralizing agency than an absolute monarch would be, for the limits of physical capacity demand that an autocrat delegate some of his powers and authority to agents, while an oligarchy is not subject to this limitation.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE sensation of the week was the resignation on Monday of SENS. CONKLING and PLATT, of which we give a full account elsewhere. The idea that lead to this was mingled petulancy and vanity. CONKLING resigned because he has obtained the idea that the Republican party can not get along without him: an idea that was given a hot house forcing by the compliments paid him by the Republican Senators during the debates in caucus. He thought he would hurt the party severely by his resignation, and in the first spasm of fright at such a catastrophe the New York Legislature would reelect him, when he would come back with the endorsement of his constituents, and in a position to make savage warfare upon the Administration. It is possible that he may be deceived in this respect, for the Anti-Conklingites think that there is a good fighting chance to return Judge ROBERTSON as CONKLING'S successor. Albany promises to the center of a strong perturbation for the next few weeks.

LEST Thursday the war in Tunis was brought to an end by the signing of a treaty by the Bey, which practically places the direction of Tunisian affairs in the hands of the French Government. It gives it the right to occupy any positions which the French military may deem necessary to maintain order and secure the safety of the frontier and the coast. The financial system of Tunis is to be negotiated by France in concert with the Bey, and the former guarantees the latter security in person and position and the maintenance of existing treaties. Meanwhile the French people are delighted with this new acquisition, while the English look disapprovingly at the conduct of her rival.

THE Czar of Russia has taken everybody by surprise by his recent manifestos which seems like going back to absolutism. The Liberal Ministry headed by Gen. MELIKOFF, has resigned, and the resignation of the latter has been accepted. The riots in Southern Russia have been quieted, but there is great distress among the Jews there, and subscriptions have been opened for their aid in London and elsewhere.

THE English Parliament is still fighting over the Land bill, while matters in Ireland grow worse and worse. This week great efforts will be made to push the bill through.

THE Prince of Bulgaria is very emphatic in his demand for certain consolidated changes in the government of his Kingdom, among which is a diminution of the number of members in the Assembly, and the nomination of new ones by himself. It is thought what he asks will be granted, as the future of the State would be greatly imperilled should he carry out his threat of abdication.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.

When a measure comes up in Legislative bodies, which is of vital importance, and yet which a considerable portion of the members desires to defeat, it is curious to the outsider to see how quickly political economy is broached, and made to bear an important part in the discussion, its principles being twisted in any way to suit the speaker. In the hands of an expert it is extremely effective, for it may be made to wear any aspect thought desirable to further his purpose, and the ideas of a majority of people on the subject, being rather misty, a wrong view may have as much influence as a right one.

The debate upon the Land Bill in the British Parliament is bringing out this tendency among the Conservatives. They do not like the measure. Besides being the product of a Liberal Ministry, it is against all their traditions. Had they a leader, the fight would be a severe one, but as yet they are not united and directed by anyone in whom all have confidence. The consequence is a sort of running, ineffective fire all along the line, having a tendency to delay and perplex, but which in the end will not probably defeat the measure.

The effort which a few of the leaders are making to find fault with it upon economic grounds must prove futile, even when presented in the most skilful way, since the mass of the people see in these very clauses right and justice. At any rate it is evident that something must be done for Ireland, and the probabilities are that the present bill will be carried and thus a good work be commenced if it is not perfected.

ATLANTA COTTON EXHIBITION.

The cotton exhibition to take place at Atlanta next Fall, bids fair to be one of the most interesting occurrences in the history of this country. The greatest enthusiasm prevails in many portions of the South, and in the manufacturing parts of the North, and applications for exhibiting space are fairly pouring in, while $200,000 have already been raised towards defraying the expenses.

One of the exhibits which will probably attract more attention than anything else, especially among Northern visitors, is a cotton field showing the plant in all stages of growth.

Thirty acres of the park have been laid out in half acre lots, and given to as many different planters for a competitive trial of skill in cultivation. Pains have been taken to make this a complete display of every variety of cotton in the world. Seed has been imported from Africa, India, and other parts of the world, sometimes at great expense, a single half pound of a certain rare variety having cost $250 in gold. This plantation has been already seeded, and is now being cultivated under the general direction of Mark Hardin, a well-known representative Southern planter.

Another display will be of specimens of every variety of cotton goods, fibres, and primitive machinery for treating them.

Besides the promotion of cotton production and manufacture which this exhibition will cause, it will bring together Northern and Southern men in a community of interests that will do much to do away with the bitter feelings of the past, and must therefore have the good wishes of everybody for its success.

PRACTICAL co-operation was stumbled upon by four poor Philadelphia housewives who joined in the purchase of a whole barrel of flour, and found it considerably cheaper than their previous practice of buying a few pounds at a time. They extended the plan to other supplies, and then to additional numbers. Next they hired a room and a woman to superintend the purchases and distribution. Fifty families now get all their groceries through this association at the lowest wholesale prices.

CONKLING'S STORY.

CONKLING has made an attempt to stem the tide of public opinion which is rolling so strongly against him. He sent for the managing editor of the New York *Herald* and filled him full of his grievances which have been presented in the *Herald* in five columns of small type, with a half-column of headlines.

It is not pleasant reading; no whining recital of mistreatment ever is, no matter how much justice there is in the plaint, and Mr. CONKLING labors under the serious disadvantage of being unable to show wherein he has been unjustly treated. But its first effect is to show how small in some parts this undeniably large-brained man is. It shows him continually allowing himself to be so swayed by little spites and jealousies as to utterly lose sight of statesmanlike, manly reasons for action, and his vanity carries him so far as to make him state absolute untruths. For example:

Before the great battle came off there were days and weeks and almost months of gloom and uncertainty, when the intimate friends of Gen. Garfield among the leaders of the Republican party were on the very verge of despair concerning the success of the contest. Many of them almost conceded that they were beaten. It was difficult to get money. In every section of the country there was a feeling of apathy and indifference as to the result that it was almost impossible to shake off. The clouds on the Republican horizon were black with portents of evil. The gentlemen who had supported Gen. Grant at Chicago seemed to take no interest in the campaign. It lacked management, direction, courage. In fact, there was not a single element of success in it.

This is simply untrue. We have had few more hopeful campaigns from the outset, than that which followed the nomination of Gen. GARFIELD. The prospects of Republican success only looked gloomy to men like CONKLING, who did not want the party to succeed. He admits this himself, in laying so much stress upon the inactivity of GRANT'S supporters during the greater part of the campaign. He apparently does not understand that he places himself in the unfavorable light of standing aloof, waiting to be hired to do his duty. He is not content with one statement of this, but reiterates in still stronger terms a little farther along.

All this time neither Gen. Grant nor Mr. Conkling had made a sign. Garfield was fairly driven to dispair. To enlist them actively in the canvass was absolutely necessary if he would avert an ignominious defeat, with all its consequences to himself and to his friends. The impression was steadily gaining ground that the ex-President and the political chieftain who led the famous 306 at Chicago secretly desired the defeat of the Republican ticket. All efforts to draw the one or the other from his retirement had failed. Finally the good offices of Gen. Arthur, Gen. Garfield's associate on the ticket, were invoked, and at last Mr. Conkling and Gen. Grant, the former at a great personal sacrifice to himself, were induced to begin that memorable campaign which threw life and spirit into the canvass and from the very jaws of defeat wrenched the victory which has sent Mr. Garfield to Washington and given him the opportunity to show that in duplicity and political ingratitude he stands alone among American politicians.

When Conkling and Grant threw themselves into the breach the Republican cause was almost lost. The party in Maine under the leadership of Blaine had come out of the fight with battered, broken ranks. In every part of the Republican camp there were dismay and disaffection. States doubtful before became doubly so.

Hancock, it was predicted, would sweep New York by 60,000. Indiana was more uncertain than ever. Even Ohio was thought to be in danger. Nothing was to be expected in the South. From the distant Pacific States every breeze across the Rocky Mountains whispered of discouragement and disaster. In less than 30 days from the date of the first speech by Mr. Conkling and Gen. Grant the whole situation became changed. The Republican outlook began to brighten in New York, and the enthusiasm of the party here soon extended to every quarter of the Union. In assigning three-fourths of the honor and credit of the November victory to Conkling and Grant we are only simply re-echoing the testimony that was borne on every stump at the time and that was heard in columns of every party organ. Gen. Garfield himself, in one of his gushing moments, swelled the chorus of applause and commendation that arose on every side.

The amazing impudence of this is only equaled by its falsehood. It is not true that any Republican leader considered the party as good as defeated; it is not true that the rank and file felt so; it is not true that in any part of the Republican camp, other than that occupied by Mr. CONKLING, was there the slightest symptom of "dismay and disaffection." Nobody but Conklingites and Democrats made such absurd prophecies as that HANCOCK could "carry New York by 60,000;" no man in his sober senses ever had the slightest idea that the Democrats would carry Ohio, nor did a single doubtful State become more doubtful, between the date of the Chicago Convention and the election. Early in the campaign it was believed that every Northern State could be carried with proper effort but that the main fight would be on Indiana and New York, and this was the aspect it maintained to the last. At one time there was little hope that we might possibly carry one or more Southern States. There was a slender prospect of getting Florida, or Virginia, or Tennessee, and some of the more sanguine built strong hopes on these. But every one understood that if New York and Indiana—or either one—could be carried, that would settle the matter, as there were enough certain Republican States to assure GARFIELD'S election.

Of course, when such preposterous falsehoods are uttered as a premise, it is hopeless to argue toward a conclusion. When Mr. CONKLING, or any friend of his is capable of making the astonishing claim that his entrance into the campaign was felt by an increased vigor from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and that States were saved which would else have been lost, argument fails, and wonder succeeds as to the point to which Mr. CONKLING thinks he can carry his self-esteem without its becoming a roaring burlesque.

The rest of Mr. CONKLING'S narration pertains mostly to an insistence that he was invited to Mentor after the election and his advice asked as to the disposition of patronage; that with a modesty that no one ever suspected of him, he steadfastly refused to claim anything for himself or friends, but that GARFIELD was voluble in promises which he afterwards entirely forgot. Here is one highly improbable account of the part of the conference relating to FOLGER:

Gen. Garfield opened the dialogue with a series of interrogatories in regard to the characters of various personages who had been spoken of for various offices. Among these curious queries was one concerning Judge Folger. "What sort of a man is he?" said the President elect. To this Mr. Conkling very quietly replied that he had known Judge Folger for thirty years and in all that time had found him to be a man of the highest character. "But," said the Senator, "why do you ask?"

"Well," said Mr. Garfield, "the fact is I have heard some queer things about Mr. Folger—bad charges—and I want to know from you what you think of them and of him?"

To this the answer was made that he (Sen. Conkling) did not think it fair to discuss men's characters in that way; that in fact it was not the kind of a banquet that he had supposed he had been bidden to; that he did not like the thing. What were the charges?

"Well," said the sorely perplexed President-elect, "the fact of the matter is it has been said by some people that Judge Folger is a man who drinks, and also that he is a man who is somewhat corrupt."

Mr. Conkling, I am informed, smiled at this terrible charge, and said that he had known Judge Folger a good many years and never before had heard anything of the kind in connection with his name. But what was Mr. Garfield's object in making these inquiries? Did he mean to give him a Cabinet position?

Then he lanches himself out on a flood of recrimination against GARFIELD, BLAINE, and all who sympathize with them. These will count for nothing, as the fulminations of an enraged and disappointed man never do. All through the interviews with the President elect, he represents himself as posing and strutting in a peculiarly Conklingesque manner. When he is invited to join the conference at the Fifth avenue Hotel, he stays away. While he is at Mentor tea time arrives. He is asked to go out and join the family at the supper table, but his dignity is too awful, and he sits in the parlor like a sulking boy, while the others enjoy the evening meal.

This is the manner of a story that he tells. One reads it and wonders how such a man can be the Boss of a great State like New York.

AN ASTONISHING APPOINTMENT

Soldiers of the Western armies are simply amazed to learn that SAMUEL D. STURGIS has been appointed to command the Soldiers' Home at Washington. That is, that one of the snuggest, most desirable "billets" at the disposal of the War Department has been given to the most eminently undeserving man in the Regular Army. STURGIS'S long career of imbecility and criminal mismanagement of important commands entrusted to him, culminated June 12, 1864, when the shameful disaster at Guntown occurred, and he simply ruined one of the finest divisions of SHERMAN'S army. Nothing in the whole history of the war, except BANKS'S Red River Expedition, was so disgraceful to the officer in command, and so calamitous to the unfortunate men who happened to belong to the force.

STURGIS, in spite of a long succession of failures in every position in which he had been placed, had been by some inscrutable means known only to the West Point clique, intrusted with the command of a veteran division—composed of such splendid regiments as the 72d Ohio, 114th Illinos, 4th Iowa Cavalry, etc., and sent out from Memphis to suppress FORREST. There was no reason why he should have been selected in place of a dozen of commanders of long service and approved skill, which he had not. But he was sent. He strung his command over the country in a most unsoldierlike manner, and FORREST calmly waited until as much of it as he desired to whip had crossed a swamp, and was cut of from communication with the rest by having the corduroy road across the swamp blockaded with the trains.

Then the attack began. It could have but one result. Veterans though the troops were, they could not make successful resistance against the overwhelming force that FORREST hurled against them. STURGIS made few if any dispositions to change the fortunes of the day Probably his dull alcoholized brain was incapable of making any skilful disposition if he were allowed the time, and FORREST did not allow him the time. The next thing the Union soldiers knew of their commander he had taken the cavalry as a guard for his worthless self, and galloped off to Memphis, leaving his men to get back out of the clutches of the enemy as best they could. Certainly the history of American warfare does not show another instance of such disgraceful abandonment by a commander of his men.

The remainder of the story is a fearfully sad one. The scattered regiments, deprived of a common head to direct their movements in unison, struggled and fought their way back as best they could, before the victorious FORREST, who pursued to the very fortifications of Memphis. The insolent guerrillas, flushed with their success, committed all sorts of cruelties upon the fugitives they could capture. Negro soldiers were shot down by squads, after they had surrendered, and white soldiers did not fare much better. Of the 12,000 men which STURGIS had marched out with, 400 were known to have been killed, 1,300 wounded, and 3,500 taken prisoners. The loss of artillery and trains was immense. The Rebel loss was very small, and has been placed at 130 killed, and 470 wounded.

The men who were made prisoners and escaped assassination by their captors were sent to Andersonville, Florence and Salisbury, and died by hundreds, before their liberation next Spring, at the close of the war.

The man who was solely responsible for all this; whose criminal carelessness, whose stupid indifference was the cause of this terrible loss of life, property and honor to the Army was not shot as he should have been, on his return to Memphis. He was not stripped of rank and emoluments as more merciful councils would have suggested. He was not even ordered before a court-martial for trial. He was not even rebuked by his superior officers, but he was placed on "Awaiting Orders" at Covington, Ky., on the full pay of a Brigadier General, which he drew as long as there was any excuse for it in the maintenance of the volunteer forces, when he returned to his rank in the Regular Army. He fell heir to the first good thing that turned up, and was promptly appointed Colonel of the Seventh Cavalry upon CUSTER'S death.

How STURGIS, with the glaring faults and bad habits which were patent to thousands of soldiers, and with the terrible consequences of those faults and habits, managed to retain his place in the Army, and be given important commands and promotions with high salaries is one of the most perplexing mysteries of our Army administration. Scores of volunteer soldiers of good character and promising abilities have been sent home in disgrace for a hundredth part of what STURGIS committed with perfect impunity. That all the worthy, gallant soldiers who nobly did their duty in the hour of trial and danger should be continually passed over to give this fellow the plums and sweetmeats of Army favoritism passeth all comprehension.

MRS GARFIELD'S illness, it seems, while largely due to over fatigue, may partly be traced to the unhealthy condition of the White House. A swamp of stagnant water at the back could not fail to produce malaria, while those who know declare the building itself to be rotten, and that it would be a good thing to pull it down and construct another with good drainage and sound foundations. Sanitary laws do not count where the President of the United States must live.

MILITARY REFORMS.

In Europe military scientists are pushing forward with all speed the work of making armies what they are intended to be: great fighting engines, in which everything is sacrificed to the one purpose of making each individual in the ranks as formidable as possible to the enemy. Lances, sabers and bayonets are being abolished, and their weight on the soldier made up with more cartridges for breech-loaders. The drum is thrown away, one reason for the same being that the drummer can not carry a rifle, while the bugler can. Flags are to be abolished, because they are heavy, they assist in directing the enemy's fire, they take the care of several men who would be better employed with breech-loaders, and they frequently cost many valuable lives to defend or rescue them. All these reforms are sensible. They should be followed up with the abolition of all swords, unless among the higher officers, as mere truncheons, to assist in giving commands. It is well enough to give a Colonel a sword with which to point out or indicate the way in which he wants a movement executed, but it is a useless and very cumbrous addition to the equipment of any other officer. Especially is it ridiculous to see the First and Second Lieutenants standing idly in the rear of their companies with their swords drawn, during an engagement. Frequently the Orderly Sergeant assumes the same attitude of elegant leisure, with his humbler steel at a "carry." All these men should carry rifles, and assist the men's fire with their own. Frequently such an addition as this to the firing party might turn the scale of victory. All of our soldier readers will remember instances of regiments—reduced by services to 200 or 300 men—going into action, when there would be from 20 to 50 Lieutenants and others, officers and non-commissioned officers, etc.,—who took no part whatever in the engagement except to stand and look on. The active work of commanding was done by the Colonel, Adjutant, and Captains. It would have been much better all around—more agreeable to the non-combatants themselves—if the Lieutenant-Colonel Major, Quartermaster, Sergeant-Major, Commissary Sergeant, Quartermaster Sergeant, the 20 Lieutenants etc., could have joined in the fight with rifles, like the men, instead of nursing the handles of their harmless swords in useless dignity.

Of course none of the reforms that European soldiers are passing through suggest themselves to our West Point *alumni*.

A NEEDED REFORM.

MRS. GARFIELD is reported sick, so much so as to occasion uneasiness. It is also said that the cause is over fatigue in trying to accomplish the social duties of her position as the wife of the President of the United States. Not robust at best the change from her quiet life in Mentor has been more than she could bear.

It is quite time that it should be understood that accepting an onerous public position does not make a man's family public property beyond a certain point. It should not demand the sacrifice of all home happiness, of health and comfort. Simply because MRS. GARFIELD'S husband has been elected Chief Magistrate of the United States, she ought not to become the prey of every man, woman and child who can travel to Washington, be compelled to be a slave to exactions more severe than those of the cotton field overseer of old of the negro under his lash. In such a case social etiquette becomes a monster, and no one could blame MRS. GARFIELD and other women, who, like her, are at its mercy, if they took arms against it.

Years ago the wife of a religious teacher was expected to belong body and soul to her husband's people, but public sentiment has changed somewhat, and now it is acknowledged that she has other duties more sacred than parish calls and labors. It is time that a new order of things should be established in Washington that official etiquette should be less exacting in its demands, and allow the wives of the officers of the Government some leisure and strength to devote to their families. Where is Mrs. DAHLGREN, that she does not get up a new code of social laws to govern society at the Capital? Certainly she could not do a more charitable deed, nor one that could win for her more lasting gratitude.

THE STORY OF A GREAT CRIME.

There never has been but one history of Andersonville written. The greatest, the most infamous crime of the century has had but one chronicler. JOHN H. M'ELROY, associate editor of the BLADE, was for fifteen horrible months a prisoner in Andersonville, and with the other victims of Southern barbarity went through it to the end. A trained journalist before his capture, he was, unquestionably, the only man qualified to write the history of the great crime. He did it, and the fact that over 60,000 of the book have been sold, attests its merit. There is no survivor of Andersonville who does not endorse it, and no lover of descriptive writing who does not give the work unqualified praise.

The book, "Andersonville," is an elegant volume of 650 pages, profusely illustrated, and elegantly and substantially bound. It is sold only by subscription at $3. It is not and never will be sold any other way. Agents for this book are wanted everywhere in the United States. In this connection it may be said that agents who have handled the book have, without exception, made a good income. The book sells at sight. For particulars address Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio, or Boston, Mass.

THERE'S nothing new under the sun, even in a newspaper humorist's column. Here, for instance, is a prize story by the Galveston *News's* funny man:

Up on the railroad between Galveston and Austin they tell that Jay Gould and his party, while in Texas, stopped at a farm house along the line of the railroad to get some fresh eggs and milk. The party furnishing the refreshments wanted $50 a dozen for his eggs. Jay Gould remarked that eggs must be scarce, to ask that much for them. "There are plenty of eggs here," responded the genial host, "but fellers like you, that can afford to pay such prices, are scarce. That's why eggs are worth $50 a dozen on this joyous occasion.

We are almost sure that story has been told of every monarch and every millionaire since mankind began to eat hen's eggs. There is certainly no Book of Anecdotes considered complete without that little narration in which either a King of England or one of the ROTHSCHILDS figures as the chief actor. We are sorry the story has crossed the Atlantic, but then we know that it was only a question of time when it would.

"THAT PEACOCK" AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

CARL JUNCTION, MO., April 18, 1881.

You did not answer my main question which I asked in mine of the 2d inst., viz: Why was he [Sen Conkling] chosen to the United States Senate a third time, if he has no strength, and amounts to nothing?

You are mistaken when you think I imagine any one man essential to the Republican party. But a political campaign can no more be successful than a military one, without an organization and a leader. Both would be a disorganized mass, all confusion and no regularity, sure to end in defeat in either case.

You indulge in a long dissertation, showing you have no good will towards him, though you say he made a few speeches giving a general support to Republican principles, but ignoring the Presidential candidate. You then quote the returns for 1879 and '80 to show that there was a larger vote in 1880 than the year before. It is always so; there is always a larger vote in the National than the State elections. But according to your own figures, Cornell got twice the majority that Garfield did, even if the vote was smaller. But let us go back to 1878. The issue then was, would he be his own successor or not. If I remember correctly, and I think I do, he was triumphantly elected, though you say he is an element of weakness to the party.

You say, Tilden carried the State by 28,339 majority in 1876. Was that done by Conkling and his friends going over to the Democracy, or was it by those chronic grumblers who have for years, been kicking out of the party, unless they got an office? saying, to the party, "If you nominate Grant we will bolt." I can't see why that class should be rewarded, when there are thousands of old soldiers who served their country on the battlefield when the most of those fellows was back in the rear, and still vote as they shot.

Now, while I have no fight with the President, I must say that the only thing you have (judging from your own words) against him, that he had a way of opposing the late President's Southern Policy, and dared to vote as his constituents instructed him, at Chicago, being one of the "*Immortal* 306," and that seems to be a heinous offense, in the estimation of all who opposed the Great Commander for a third term, be they Republicans or Democrats. For my part, I would rather trust one of them (*i. e.* the 306) than those who went and voted contrary to their instructions. Now, suppose the 306 and their friends and followers had done as some of the opposing factions threatened (*i. e.* bolted, or simply stayed out of the campaign and away from the polls) what would have been the result? Who would have been President to-day? Echo answers: Who? Who? Who? I think the 306 and their friends and followers did their full share in the campaign, and are entitled to something better than sneers and slighting remarks. For my part, I indorsed the action of the 306 entire, and think the action of the delegates who voted contrary to instructions, the very meanest of all political demagogery. Notwithstanding all that, I dismissed my business and came home over 30 miles to vote for Garfield & Arthur.

You will please answer the questions. No dodging the issue.

Yours truly, A STALWART.

We never said that CONKLING "had no strength," and "amounted to nothing." We are not in the habit of saying things that are untrue. He has a great deal of "strength," and "amounts" to much more than we wish he did. But this is a common characteristic of objectionable things. A bad smell has "strength," and a ripening boil frequently "amounts" to enough to make us forget all the world beside. But are the smell and boil any the more endurable on that account? Hardly.

MR. CONKLING has been the boil on the Republican party's person for several years and, like boils generally, has been located where it is most inconvenient to sit down upon him. We have nursed and petted him with painful solicitude; we have gone around very gingerly to spare him; flax-seed poultices, and all the other emollients that the old grannies of the party could suggest, have been used to soothe him, but all to no good. Now we "have drawn him to a head," we propose to pick him, and be done with him forever.

We wish our correspondent were as Stalwart in his grammar and logic as he is in his political principles, for then we would find some clearly defined proposition on which to found an argument. But his assertions are vague, and incoherent. We will try however, to answer them according to what we imagine their propounder means.

First—There is no doubt that a leader is somewhat necessary for effective political work. But by a leader we do not mean a dictator, or one who allies himself with the baser elements of the party—the men whom he purchases with spoils—to acquire and maintain an ascendancy over the party which he can use to promote his old selfish ends.

Second—The BLADE has no quarrel with CONKLING on the ground of his opposition to Pres. HAYES'S Southern Policy. The BLADE was much more hostile to it than CONKLING ever had any idea of being. He only opposed it when he saw that by so doing he had a chance of getting his revenge upon the President for declining to surrender the patronage to him.

Third.—CONKLING re-elected himself Senator by the power of the Machine, and his campaign for the same—it appears by later developments—was as little creditable to the Republican party as anything it ever did in New York.

Fourth.—There is little doubt that Conklingism was one of the most potent influences in causing us the loss of New York in 1876.

Fifth.—We are sure that nobody made as many and as earnest threats of bolting in 1880 as the Grant faction. They opened the canvass for the Third Term with threats that were wholly unprecedented in the history of the Republican party, and which did more than any other one thing to defeat their candidate. They have simply nothing to claim on the score of good conduct, for they never accepted GARFIELD'S nomination with a decent show of heartiness, and the leaders sulked ostentatiously throughout the campaign, leaving no doubt in any one's mind that they really desired the defeat of the nominee. If our correspondent really "rode 30 miles to vote for GARFIELD and ARTHUR," we are quite sure that his zeal received a very faint commendation when he reported it to his Boss.

We think we have fully answered our correspondent's letter.

DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES.

There is but one perfect book of recipes before the public, and that is Old Dr. Carlin's. This book is the life work of one of the most eminent physicians of England, revised and edited for the American public by a thoroughly competent writer on domestic economy. There is no subject connected with the house, farm, health or kitchen that is not treated, and every process in the book has been tested in the most thorough manner. It will be found to be entirely reliable, and its use in a family will save its cost every week. It is an elegant book of 600 pages, and is sold at $2, by subscription. Agents are wanted everywhere. Address, for particulars, Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio, or Boston, Mass. Agents report enormous sales. Over 20,000 were sold in advance of publication.

IT is said that 100,000 buffalo hides will be shipped out of the Yellowstone country this Spring. At the present wholesale rate of slaughter none of these animals will be left after a few years.

"WOULDN'T GO IN TO TEA."

The more we think of ROSCOE CONKLING'S disdaining to partake of the family tea at Mentor the more we are imprest with the godlike strength of character of that Hyperion-curled man.

The grave importance of the act did not strike us palpably at first, but when we read again his own detailed and circumstantial account of it, he looms up before our excited imagination like the Matchless Monarch of the Arena, on an illuminated circus poster.

No ordinary man could have done that. No one but an Inspired Leader of Men, a Mighty Genius of Organization, would have perceived the greatness of the opportunity, and improved it with such completeness. It was that long-promised and anxiously expected Greatest Effort of his Life. Smaller-calibered fellows, like BLAINE and HALE would probably have said, on being asked to "step out to tea:"

"Thankee, GARFIELD, I don't care if I do. It's a long ways back to the station. Besides I think a railroad-eating-house sandwich is a more diabolical invention than a Nihilist bomb."

And in a few minutes he would be begging Mrs. GARFIELD for her recipe for seed cake to take home to Mrs. BLAINE or HALE, and be wondering if it were possible to get a stock of those delicious canned peaches for his house.

JOHN A. LOGAN would have said:

"Of course, General. I wouldn't go away from your house without breaking bread with you. That wouldn't be like an old comrade who has drunk from the same canteen."

Old SIMON CAMERON would doubtless have said:

"Yes, JIM, that's just what I've been waiting for. But as I left my liver-pad at home, and am in continual danger of taking cold without it, I wish you'd first let me have a tumbler of spirits to sort o' ward things off."

But this sort of thing was entirely beneath Mr. CONKLING. He was too grand, gloomy and peculiar to be swerved by temptations exerted by the GARFIELD cuisine. He had come to Mentor to pose as a Superior Being; his principal mission there was to impress the President-elect with the fact that the Boss of New York was not a creature of common clay, but one of the ALMIGHTY'S *chef-d'œuvres*, gotten up with unusual care out of the best materials, for some special occasion, like an article prepared for exhibition at the centennial. He would not succeed in this if he betrayed the common weakness of humanity for something warm about 6:30 P. M. He had read what BYRON says of the disenchantment that comes from seeing a pretty woman eat; he felt that the disillusionizing must be even greater when one beholds a Superior Being filling himself with sponge cake and cold meats. He never could maintain his *prestige* with GARFIELD, after informing Mrs. G. whether he habitually took two or three lumps of sugar in his tea. None of the great men of history are represented in the undignified attitude of drinking tea so hot as to bring tears to their eyes, and of wrestling with the elusive seeds of stewed prunes. If he came down to the level of plain, simple folks, in their plain, simple acts, he could never regain his Olympian hight.

So he remained in the parlor, and recomposed his dignity by gazing on that glacier landscape in the arctic regions, which is the chief pictorial ornament of every Western Reserve parlor, and helps give chilblains to the casual visitor shown into the room in January. He re-arranged that auburn lock down the center of his forehead, before the pier glass, and his features relaxed somewhat as he noticed that his Prince Albert coat continued to fit his "magnificent torso" like a kid glove. Then as the fragrance of the steeped Oolong floated in from the dining room and reached his delicately chiseled nostrils, that member curled itself up with a fine scorn, and he indulged in the luxury of hearing the greatest of mankind talk by saying to himself:

"Now I have crushed them by a positive demonstration that I am no ordinary man, with ordinary man's weaknesses. They can no longer doubt that I am a Superior Being, and they will not forget it."

But through the open door of the cheerful dining room came the merry quip and ready laugh of the President-elect and his family enjoying to the utmost their brief respite from boring politicians, and entirely oblivious as to whether Mr. CONKLING had refused supper from reasons connected with his dignity or his indigestion.

It is this continual probability of having the Greatest Efforts of his Life wasted upon unthinking people, who do not care a fico for what he is doing, that makes us admire Mr. CONKLING'S persistence in continuing them. Now in this instance not one—not even the GARFIELDS—would have known or cared whether he took tea at Menfor or not, and his reasons therefore, if he had not, months after, made an elaborate statement of the same.

A HANDSOME ILLUSTRATION.

We have issued a new poster for free distribution, headed by a very fine wood cut engraving, humorously illustrating "Nasby in Europe." In the center is a picture of Nasby carrying a guide-book under his left arm and an umbrella and carpet-bag in his right hand, the carpet-bag being labeled "P. V. Nasby, Confederate X Roads, Ky." In the background is a beautiful Swiss landscape, and the four corners are samples of architecture of France, Italy, England and Germany enclosed in oval frames. We wish one of them posted in every depot, blacksmith shop, grist-mill, saw-mill, hotel and store in the United States. We have already sent one to each postoffice. We will mail one free to every applicant who will place it in a conspicuous place.

WHAT is the sense of retaining French words when English do equally well? Why, for instance, in giving married ladies' names, do we not say "born" instead of *nee*? Here we read "Mr. JESSE R. GRANT and wife (*nee* CHAPMAN)." "Born CHAPMAN" would be a much better description of Mrs. GRANT'S antenuptial condition.

TUNIS owes much of its old reputation to the manufacture of the skull caps worn by Orientals, for which it was once famous. At a former period it was almost the only place in which these caps were manufactured. In the last century 50,000 persons were employed in Tunis in making skull caps, and 3,000 bales of Spanish wool were annually used in the manufacture.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A resolution has passed the Pennsylvania Legislature looking to the removal of the remains of William Penn from England to Philadelphia.——Large orders have been received from London for investment in Southern railroad shares, notably the Louisville & Nashville.——The Brewers Association voted to contribute $75,000 to test the constitutionality of the Kansas prohib

Correspondence.

HOME LETTER.

Large Bonnets—Young Ladies Toilets—How to Write for the Newspapers—Advice to a Literary Correspondent.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

NEW YORK, May 14.

Bonnets enlarge, and are actually of a size which dispenses with a sunshade. Small bonnets are worn for dress, but the street and carriage bonnet is a large "flat" of Leghorn or lace straw, worn to shade the eyes, with a garland of bright light damask roses or Mayflowers, or with a long plume. Large Leghorn hats have the back of the brim folded in pleats to set closely to the hair, the crown covered with a kerchief of straw lace, held by large clusters of pink and crimson roses. The brim is faced with drawn satin, or crape in outside shirrings, with light flowers or bows next the hair. Steel bonnets are all small, or they would be too showy. The black lace beaded with fine silver steel is the newest and richest form in which it is used. The most stylish bonnets have a round kerchief of steel lace flung over the crown, the edge partially veiling the bright roses over the face. Bonnets of lace straw, embroidered with pink or blue, are for young ladies, and are trimmed with silk and small feathers of the same tint, which is carried out in the dress. Simply made gowns of dull pale blue or light faded red cashmere, or nun's vailing, are made with surplice waist, plain short skirt and baby sash; a fichu of cashmere or muslin of the same color, completes the stylish walking dress for May mornings. Girls who fancy themselves too old to wear turquoise and pink choose the soldier blue, Summer flannel, cashmere, with well-fitting jacket and apron front, the bonnet of fancy straw, with gay striped surah trimming, and red pompons. Tan colored gloves and a large pink rose spray pinnal on the lapel like a signal, complete the toilet of a dashing young woman of 19 en route for the reading club or morning lecture.

Small checked linengs in white and black are lustrous as silk and very useful for shirred toilets. They are 37 cents a yard and wash lasting. English embroidery in eyelet and trefoil patterns is sold by the yard for the fronts of day dresses. The embroidery forms the entire breadth. The same patterns in black silk, to be worn over cardinal or gold, are among the richest fabrics open this week. The yard wide silk of muslin is embroidered over its whole surface, and borders a finger wide come to trim the sides.

Printed cambric dresses will be the rule for morning dress, the Japanese and Pompadour figured sateens in gay costume for afternoon, and surah or grenadine for evening. The plain meshed grenadine of substantial quality is chosen instead of the fancy patterns this season, and is made up with a great deal of Spanish lace, and red or gold surah, showing in bright revers, sashes, and under-skirts.

Little rush baskets take the place of the morocco bags carried for shopping. These bags come in half a dozen styles, of whole straw braid, in white or black and white, black crinoline, and in Tuscan gimp sewn over silk. But the preference is for the open work sachel basket of plaited rush, lined with fine ruby, peacock blue, or olive cashmere or silk, with a deep bag top drawn by ribbon strings, by which the bag is carried, the rush handles serving only as a guard.

The way to wear cravats of silk is to double one end in a bow, held by a small pin without tying, the long end carried down in a fold and tucked under the belt. Lawn handkerchiefs with blue or pink borders are worn round the neck in place of collars, the ends tucked in the folds of the surplice waist. Fine pink, blue maizan fred silk mitteens with long lace tops are shown to wear with the light sephyr goods. Beige and pale tan with palest and darkest neutral grays are fashionable colors for kid and lisle gloves. The two button gloves are again chosen to wear with long sleeves, and show a souppon of white wrist between the lace and the glove.

A TALK WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

With my friends, I should say, for it is with a feeling that I am to talk with unseen but familiar faces that I take up the packet of letters from the BLADE readers. The soft Spring day is done and a glorious moon is rising in the shrouded East. The slopes are scattered with pink and white blossoming orchards, the woodlands are clouded with misty young green. The mingled fire and snow of carnations gleam in the lamplight, the wild violets and anemone droop delicately over their gilded rims as if longing for the open air and the sheltered bank under the birches where they grew. There is a shine of quaint mahogany and polished brasses, and company of pleasant pictures in the room; the big sofa is piled with pillows, the *Letters a Une Inconnue* lying there temptingly, the big round table spread with flowers, and a confusion of illustrated papers and magazines, and a delightful volume of French caricature seductively at hand. It would be too nice to lose a day after the busy, tiresome day, but to-morrow sufficient unto it will be its work, let alone those letters which want unswering.

It seems my answer to "Nettie" about newspaper writing was no discouragement to others, for here is a pleasant letter in frank, communicative style, the gist of which is this:

"I am so anxious to obtain a position as newspaper correspondent, I shall keep trying till the very last postage stamp is gone. My only success thus far—and it is quite official autograph paper—and some kind wishes. Last Summer I applied to a business bureau, and received more encouragement than I expected. Sent three articles, as test of talent. The first was returned with volubla criticisms, second published and the third I have never heard from till I found the name of my kind and able correspondent in the death list. I gained no business knowledge whatever, and have no idea of the proceedings necessary to gain a foothold in the crowded newspaper world. If I could realize enough soon for a very moderate supply of stationery and stamps, I should be satisfied. If I could see you I know you would give me words of cheer. Please believe that I really need success in this one thing."

This lady must forgive me, if her request for a private answer is put aside. It is a thing impossible where every letter is mortgaged, and such letters can only be answered in the BLADE, where one answer suits a dozen appeals. There is no open sesame to newspaper work, and I think the boldest writer would be puzzled on looking back, to know how he got there. Were I to advise a young aspirant, it would be in this wise: Contrary to what is supposed, to succeed in newspaper writing, requires capital to begin. The aspirant must make up her mind to spend at least $10 in postage, and as much in stationery, before she gets a ghost of a chance. From $25 to $50 is a fair average sum to put up for a start. This presupposes such preparation as talent for observation, and the faculty for describing things, affairs and persons in a vivid, realizing and pleasing manner. This quality a writer shows when his readers say he makes one see the things he describes. Keen senses for the pathetic, the ridiculous, the satiric side of things are necessary, and with these, quick feeling usually goes also. Justness of perception is a rare and much lauded trait, which would be well developed. Were it insisted on in our newspaper offices, we would have fewer jokes, and more good ones, less stuff in print, but of a sort which would captivate, not bore. Where wit and feeling are not lively, good clear sense is the best capital to go on, and of a fine sort is rarer than either of the other two. But this is a grace which belongs to middle age and later life, and is gained only by the exercise of that teacher, experience, whose terms are of the longest, and who so often has no diploma. Given the pluck how to begin! Buy the best stationery you can command, legal cap or note paper answering for MSS., and copy the article faultlessly, on one side of the paper, of course. The first article had better be short, not over five pages of cap paper or ten of note. You will begin it with eight to 10 lines of introductory remarks, perhaps a page or two before getting into your subject. Leave all that out when you copy. Begin close up to your best work. Use one of your best sentences to start with. Have jet black ink, and write a rather heavy hand, no flourishes, or long tailed girlish G's, or open Ms or Ns, which are irritating to read. A mercantile hand is a bad one for printer's copy. A nice young lady hand such as is pretty for notes does not recommend an article. The experienced editor scents immature English and ideas at once. A plain writing, or angular English hand introduces a manuscript well. Wide margins are unnecessary, but it is the practice of the best editors to write on lines an inch apart, which makes open copy and easy to read. A poor article is liked and anyhow, but the reading of a good one often condemns it. Frances Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, used to have MSS. put in print before he read them at all, for the best sentiment affects one very differently, read in print where the thought strikes the mind at once. No task in the world is more hateful than reading manuscript of whatever quality, and I do quite understand the irritability born of much manuscript reading in editorial minds. Only the recollection that their work is a sort of vivisection of live authors' minds and hopes and vanities can keep an editor in the kindly habit which is the only allowable one. No. I will not say this either, for the clean stroke of satire and condemnation is often the only one which would reach the case, and set the matter in a saving light before the writer. There are such worlds of young lives blighted with self-sufficiency and obtuseness for want of severe direct criticism, unsparingly laid on in right time and measure, that I dare not say so. Be courteous but plain, is the best rule always. I have seen the hardest truth so simply and beautifully told, as to lose all its pain while it did a world of good.

The copy written, make a list of all papers having a circulation of over 10,000, from an advertiser's handbook, and send your blessed article from one to the other, as fast as rejected. Send five or six articles, on different subjects, out in different directions, and keep on till you have sent to the last paper on your list. No extended form of application is necessary, and allusion to one's personal necessities are worse than wasted, in most instances. Yet there are editors who so far retain the traditions of gentlemen that the appeal of a widow with children to support, or a daughter with a mother and younger brothers depending on her, would, in case of equal merit, have the better chance. It is right and creditable to human nature that it should be so, and no man need be at pains to excuse his feelings in this matter. Still, publishers will take advantage of this fact to keep down prices, knowing that employment is a necessity. Better send your article on its merits. I know one writer who prefers to use a form on the outside of each article, "the price of this artice is, (say,) $10. If not accepted, please return to so-and-so, St. Louis, Mo." That covers the whole ground, and is more effective in its brevity than a longer one. Enclose a directed envelope with stamp for answer. It will be convenient to have two sizes of legal envelopes, and use the smaller ones for return. You need send but one stamp for return postage, the rest being payable at your own office. And there is the chance of not receiving it, in which your stamps at least are saved. This is all my advice any one can give you. As far as it goes it is the best possible advice for writers. Whether it is the best for editors I wouldn't like to say. I shall retire to-night with mild satisfaction, in thinking that young Flowerdeluce holds the editorial position I once coveted on the *Daily Regenerator*, which pretends to 35,000 subscribers.

It was estimated in the *Atlantic Monthly* last year, there are 800 professional writers in the United States. To every successful one there are at least 20 young writers wishing to gain a place. You catch a glimpse of my pleasure, in the fact that 1,600 would-be authors will apply to Flower de Luce in rotation, with five articles apiece, which he will have to open, glance at, swear at, and gum for return, with an enclosed printed form regretting that it is "not suited for the present wants of his paper." I envy Flower deLuce no longer. He may write his poems, and the things he called jokes which he used to read aloud for the discomfort of the whole office, which used to revise its feelings by making faces at itself, behind his back. Those jokes and those still more lamentable poems are avenged at last.

These details observed, if the article is a good one, and the paper is in funds, and the editor is in a good humor and his head happens to be clear, your article may be accepted. Your prices must be graded a little at first to suit purchasers. As a rule, it is safe to ask $5 for a letter, of general interest, or $10 for a short story. If your letter has unique interest, if it describes some notable accident, some convulsion of nature, or a political convention, or singular adventure, you can put a higher price on it. But the prices named are usual for beginners—that is to say, they are not more than good papers are willing to pay, and it does not pay at all to write for less. Better raise pot herbs like the Shakers, or grow onions or roses, if you have brains, taste and good health, you may achieve success, which for a woman on a newspaper means $20 a week and plenty of hard work and disagreeable work too, reading author's first manuscripts for part of it. You will have uncertain temper and bad health at the end of 10 years, and escape paralysis narrowly at the end of five more, if the really clever writing women I hear of, in this country or England, are spiritual invalids, who are kept in repair of nerves and brain by the doctors. The London *Spectator* says, of journalism: "It is one of the most arduous of professions if a man is brilliantly successful. It is one of the most wearisome and illpaid if a writer is compelled to occupy an inferior position." Which is too sadly true to be enlarged upon.

There is a class of women found occupying editorial places who present the reverse of this picture. They do the hard work of papers, cut out and sort clippings of the wildly sensational order; they do those noncommittal "book notices" which are the wonder of the profession, as they are framed to do neither author, publisher or reader good, and convey the slightest idea of the books in question; they pen skimmilk editorials in dearth of other matter, which mingle bruises and platitudes, in which the editorial "we" shines forever prominent, in which you cannot read three lines without coming on the adverb "dainty" or "fluffy," and always bring up with the idea that something or other "may be utilized" thus and so, or that wander vaciously about "the multiplicity of" areas or details. They can never say that a thing can be used or speak of the number of their cares. Sympathy and a glucose amiability are their stock in trade, and they address their readers as "My Dears," with wholesale blandness, and they ring in "wails" from the afflicted who quarter themselves on the public for sympathy. By judiciously laying over every subject on both sides they manage to keep in the following of popular opinion. Such women are not journalists. They are as venal as any other woman who makes herself commercial ware. They are society women whose purses run inconveniently low, or who are tired of doing nothing, women who want money and are incapable of earning a dollar in any other way, or school teachers tired of teaching, who fancy they can get a peep into more Bohemian and brilliant world in a newspaper life. They generally manage it by influence, insisting two or three letters written, and once in, they stick. They cling to their seats with a death clutch, and woe to the ill-fated being who dreams of supersedeing them. If the shadow of another woman crosses the office door, the editorial ear hears something to her disadvantage, for no culture stores more garbage gossip, or rends its victim more relentlessly. This is the kind of woman who as Washington correspondent, ferrets out the facts that Gail Hamilton wore her dresses short in front in her school days, and once sat on the school fence and crowed. Or that Mrs. So-and-So had a bad husband from whom she had a divorce, for as hope not through fault of her own. This woman can always be counted to lend a hand in stoning a reputation to death, whether of man or woman. Some of this may be charged in young writer's, properly charged not to malice as much as desire to make a spicy letter. But mature women have no such excuse, and I mean to warn my correspondent that in what she calls journalistic enterprise, without any ill-will to the subject, she may do harm to unfortunate fellow creatures which will cause her remorse to the end of her life. The scandal may be true, but the man who struck the blow spent his life in unavailing sorrow for his madness, or the woman who was swept from her path in exposed places may have righted herself at such cost as none of us know, and when the truth emerges to light, we will be the ones to smite our breasts and cry *mea culpa*. But the mediocre woman flies the pirate's flag, and it is death to the rival or extinction to herself. This is the kind of woman who exhibits her lace pocket handkerchiefs and camel's-hair shawls and etched doyleys to minor correspondents and turns bureau drawers inside out for complimentary inspection to visitors who never come in reports of large receptions, who will peep through a glass door or over the top of windows at a private dinner in the hotel where she boards, and who can be relied on to pass round a whisper of defamation, political or social. She is much be-written, much noticed, far more than the women of best talent who hold themselves aloof from so much publicity. You do not hear the number of Mrs. Harriet Spofford's dinner napkins or the quality of Miss Constance Woolson's gowns. Mrs. Harding Davis's Japanese teapots and China services. They do not need that sort of notoriety to keep their hold on the public. My correspondent may choose which she likes as models. Those of us who are far enough along in life to see to the end of some things begin to believe that good taste and principle gain in the long run, and no collapse is so utter as that of "made" successes.

From the tone of her letter, I hope the young woman who writes for advice is of too independent and wholesome a nature to follow this example. It will do her no harm however, to look ahead and see what kind of people she will meet in the fraternity.

It is really amusing to see the surmises excellent people make about unknown writers who disagree with them. My refusal to help a woman who has a home and husband into the crowded profession, has drawn upon me the acid flood I foreboded. Unfortunately I am not a woman who has a rich husband to support her, who sits in her easy chair and scorafully unclasps the clinging fingers and "cruelly snubs a sensitive woman who asks a little help." That accusation caused me the heartiest laugh that lightened a careworn visage in weeks. It is because I have been for over a dozen years earning my own support and that of others with the pen, and know the narrowness and hardship of the way, that I will not make it worse for trained writers by helping those into the profession who are not in pressing need. W. D. P., of Nebraska, Nettie's husband by the way, writes that "every profession may be said to be crowded, but all physicians, lawyers, etc., do not forbear to practice on that account." He overlooks the fact that the demand for literary work is far more limited than any other in the world. The docter and often the lawyer is a necessity, and every hundred people can support one of each profession. Every district wants a school teacher, every Town wants three or four dress-makers, grocers and calico sellers and gives them a living. There are perhaps a dozen magazines which pay for contributions, and 50 newspapers in the United States which accept outside contributions, and there are 800 writers with more or less experience in the field. Is it kindness to Nettie to help her into such a hopeless effort? Does she want to add her experience to that of the quick-witted young lady who after two years trying, writes that she would be glad to get her postage back again? Would she like to find herself in the position of a clever friend of mine, who has been four years in this City struggling to gain a place in journalism? With the advantage of a foreign education, always mixed with the best society, at home and abroad, with a nice art of turning sentences, a diligent and steady worker be gained a place for a year on a showy journal, which exacted laborious society duty of him, the most desired and best paid except political work. After steady work all Winter the paltry paper, by way of enlarging its profits, wants him to write for the credit of it. You see flattish, weak stories and essays in the papers which you know you could rival. You say my dear madam, but that mawkish story or poem is written by the cadet of some family in society with whom the editor has such relations that it is inconvehient to refuse. Journalism isn't a bit better or honester than any other sort of business. It is a disorganized profession, of which the rule is every man for himself and the publishers take the hindmost. It is worse than it need be, for authors do not stand by their own craft, or make any resistance to indignities or exactions. It will continue to be the worst paid of professions till authors have the enlightenment to combine, like all other crafts to fix rules and prices, and defend their own rights and copyrights. When this is done we will not see as I have seen in the last ten years, one of the best poets and literary men of the country shoved off one newspaper after another to make room for boys just out of college, and politicians' sons who were willing to work for their car fare and gloves. You will not see a woman with a pen equal to a review or a feuilleton to order discharged at a moment's notice to make a place for a proprietor's favorite with painted face, who could not spell the French words with which she peppered her articles, let alone her English. Let Nettie try the brazen gates if she likes and by this time two years, tell us what she knows about writing. The time is not "passing away when it reflects on the husband if the wife engages in business, and never will pass in the nature of things. Women who are good wives and mothers can find enough to do without earning their support. The letters from too many of those who have tried earning the dollar, and found the burden too easily slipped upon their willing shoulders, and I may tell some stories which explain my creed in the matter. Nettie's husband writes too pathetically about women's writing, and "thus proving a helpmeet indeed to their beloved husbands, for as husband that could call forth such sentiments is truly a worthy one, and unable to take advantage of a kind tender act, dictated by love." If he is such a "worthy one," his wife had better keep him so, and not join the number of married business women I know of, who go about their shops with heads tied up with neuralgia, unable to claim nature's rest, or write, propped in bed beside their three days' old babies, while their tender and excellent husbands praise their wives' abilities and take life easy. Opinions taken from imagination or at second hand don't compare with the uncompromising facts of experience. I once wrote twaddle about women laying aside unlovely household duties for a wider career, in the fullness of the wisdom of 19, and I have lived to wish that girls were not allowed to utter opinions or write them till after they were 40, that they might have less to mortify them in looking back. Bah! I hate theorists. Study life from the round, and in the words of the Whitsun Collect, pray "evermore to have right judgment in all things, and rejoice in its cumfort." Take things as they are, my far-off friend, and you will save yourself a thousand heartaches and heritage of dismay, and if it sweeps aside a hundred pleasant imagined plans, it assures the breadth and exquisiteness of actual possession.

SUSAN POWER.

KANSAS PROHIBITION.

Constitutionality of the Law to be Tested.

ST. LOUIS, May 17.—A dispatch from Lawrence, Kas., states that John Walruff, of the Lawrence brewery, arrived home from Chicago, where he attended the annual meeting of the National brewers' Association. Having about $70,000 invested in his brewing business, destroyed by the prohibitory law of Kansas, he laid the matter before the Association, and they agreed to help him to the amount of $75,000, if necessary, in testing the validity of that law in the United States Supreme Court. It is understood he is prepared to make a test case, and that papers are already made out for his arrest and the placing of his case in course of adjudication. Under the sanction and protection of State laws he was encouraged to engage in the manufacture of beer, and proposes now to ascertain whether, under the Federal Constitution, a State has the right to take his property for public use by forbidding him to sell what the State law permitted him to manufacture. If the right of a State to enact sumptuary laws includes the right to destroy private property without compensation, the brewers propose to have the exact limit of the authority defined by the tribunal of last resort.

A Horrible Domestic Tragedy.

SPARTANSBURG, S. C., May 16.—The full particulars of a horrible tragedy, which occurred in a remote section of this county, Thursday night, have just reached here. Henry Berryman, a young and successful farmer, about 30 years old, has for some time past been living unhappily with his wife, a young woman two or three years his senior. The cause of this insane act was the alleged inconsistency of the woman. The husband alleges that at various times she has been criminally intimate with another young man in the County. This seems to have preyed on his mind to such a degree that he was almost driven to madness. He had several times spoken of the matter to his wife, and in several of the interviews charged her with infidelity. On the night of the tragedy Berryman went to his wife's chamber, and said that he was going to kill her. The woman implored her husband to have mercy on her, and not to carry out his threat. Despite these appeals he got down a double-barreled shot-gun from the place on the wall and shot her in the stomach, inflicting a fearful wound, from which she died in a few hours. After committing this crime he walked out of the house, and was shortly afterward arrested and committed to jail. The woman was the daughter of a prominent planter in the State, and before her marriage was quite a belle in this section. They have two children.

Prompt Relief in Catarrh and Bronchitis.

Mr. John Butler, of Port Eads, Louisiana, sent for the Compound Oxygen Treatment in May, 1879. In describing his case, he said: "I have been suffering with Nasal Catarrh for a number of years, but never so much as I do now. I have also a slight cough, which my doctor says is Bronchitis. *I am also suffering with Dyspepsia, and, in fact, I am in general bad health.*" In January, 1880, eight months after beginning the Treatment, he says: "*I am now in perfect health.* Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, pain in the heart and other complications all removed, and yet I have not taken one-half of your medicine. My friends all congratulate me on my recovery. My thanks to you also. My weight before taking your Treatment was 118 pounds; present weight, 155 pounds." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, *sent free.* Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CONKLING-GARFIELD.

The Joint Letter of Resignation of the New York Senators.

Both Candidates for Re-election as a Measure of "Vindication."

Press Comments on Conkling—"Many Men of Many Minds."

CONKLING-PLATT.

Their Grievances Stated to the Governor of New York.

WASHINGTON, May 14, 1881.

SIR: Transmitting as we do our resignation, respectively, of the great trusts with which New York has honored us, it is fit that we acquaint you, and through you the Legislature and people of the State with the reasons which, in our judgment, make such a step respectful and necessary. Some weeks ago the President sent to the Senate a group of nominations of several persons for public offices already filled. One of these offices is the Collectorship of the Port of New York, now held by Gen. Merritt; another is the Consul Generalship at London, now held by Gen. Badeau; another is the Charge d'Affairs to Denmark, held by Mr. Cramer; another is the mission to Switzerland, held by Mr. Fish, a son of a former distinguished Secretary of State. Mr. Fish had in deference to ancient practice placed his position at the disposal of the new Administration, but like the other persons named he was ready to remain at his post if permitted to do so. All these officers, save only Mr. Cramer are citizens of New York. It was proposed to replace them all, not for any alleged faults or for any alleged need or advantage of the public service, but in order to give the great office of the Collector of the Port of New York to Mr. William H. Robertson,

AS A REWARD FOR CERTAIN ACTS

of his said to have "aided in making the nomination of Gen. Garfield possible." The chain of removals thus proposed was broken by Gen. Badeau promptly declining to accept the new place to which he was to be sent. These nominations summoned every member of the Senate to say whether he advised such a transaction. The movement was more than a surprise. We had been told only a few hours before that no removals in New York offices were soon to be made, or even considered, and had been requested to withhold the papers and suggestions bearing on the subject which had been sent to us for presentation should the occasion arise, until we had notice from the President of his readiness to receive them. Learning that the

VICE PRESIDENT WAS EQUALLY SURPRISED

and had been equally misled, we went to Mr. Janes, Cabinet officer from our State, and learned that though he had spent some time with the President on the morning of the day the nominations were sent in, no disclosure of the intention to send them had been made to him, and that he first knew of the matter by hearsay following the event.

After earnest reflection and consultation we believe the proceeding unwise and wrong, whether considered wholly in relation to the preservation of the integrity of the public service and public example to be set, or in relation also to the integrity of the Republican party. No public utterance of comment or censure was made by either of us, in the Senate or elsewhere. On the contrary, we thought that the President would reconsider an action so sudden and hasty, and would at least adopt a less hurtful and objectionable mode of requiring personal and individual service. In this hope, the following paper was prepared and signed and presented by Mr. Janes to the President, who was subsequently informed that you had authorized your name to be added also.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

To the President:

We beg leave to remonstrate against a change in the Collectorship at New York by the removal of Mr. Merritt and the appointment of Mr. Robertson. The proposal was wholly a surprise. We heard of it only when several nominations involved in the plan were announced in the Senate. We had only two days before this been informed from you that a change in the Custom offices at New York was not contemplated, and quite ignorant of the purpose to take any action now, we had no opportunity until after the nomination to make the suggestions we now present.

We do not believe that the interests of the public service will be promoted by removing the present Collector and putting Mr Robertson in his stead. Our opinion is quite the reverse, and we believe no political advantage can be gained for either the Republican party or its principles. Believing that no individual has claims which should be liquidated in such a mode, we earnestly and respectfully ask that the nomination of Mr. Robertson be withdrawn.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
T. C. PLATT,
THOMAS L. JAMES,
ROSCOE E. CONKLING.

This paper was presented to the President by Mr. James on Monday, the 28th day of March. Knowing the frequency with which every one of the 20 Presidents of the Republic, markedly the last incumbent, had withdrawn nominations on less serious representations, we did not apprehend that such suggestion would be treated as an intrusion or invasion of any prerogative of the nominating power. We were disappointed. Immediately the public press, especially in articles and dispatches written by those in close and constant association with the President, and with influential members of his Cabinet, teemed with violent denunciations of the Senators from New York for "opposing the Administration" and "dictating to the President." Persons who visited the Executive Mansion reported

THE PRESIDENT AS RESENTFUL

and impatient of the hesitation to "advise and consent" to what he proposed. We had made no assault upon any body; we have at all times refused to answer questions by representatives of the press, or to make complaint or comment or even denial of many truthless charges published against us by officious champions of the administration. Indeed, beyond confidential consultation with brother Senators and officials, we have said nothing until now on the subject, nor have we or either of us "promoted the dead-lock in the Senate" in order to prevent or influence action on our nominations; nor have we ever so stated.

After the nominations were published, letters and telegrams in great numbers came from all parts of the State, from its leading citizens, protesting against the proposed changes, and condemning them on many grounds. Several thousand of the leading mercantile firms of New York, constituting, we are informed, a majority of every branch of trade, sent us remonstrances. Sixty of the Republican members of the Assembly, by letter or memorial, made objections. Representatives in Congress, business men, professional men, commercial, industrial and political organizations are among the remonstrants, and they speak from every section of the State.

Besides the nominations already referred to there were awaiting the action of the Senate several citizens of New York named for offices and connected with the Courts, District Attorneys and Marshals. These were all re-appointments. Most of them had been originally commissioned by Mr. Hayes. They were certified by Judges of the Courts and many other eminent persons, who attested the faithfulness and merit of their service and recommended their continuance. They were not presented by us; we have not attempted to dictate, nor have we asked the nomination of one person to any office in the State; indeed, with the sole exception of the written request set forth above, we have never even expressed an opinion to the President in any case unless questioned in regard to it. Some days ago the President abruptly withdrew in one and the same act the names of Gen. Woodford and Mr. Tenney and of two Marshals. This unprecedented proceeding,

WHETHER PERMISSABLE BY LAW OR NOT

was greatly significant. The President had nominated those officers after they had been weighed in the balance. Their official records were before him and had been fully scrutinized and approved. It must be presumed he thought the nominations fit to be made, and that it was his duty to make them. There is no allegation that he discovered any unfitness in them afterwards. It could hardly be that he had discovered unfitness in all of them alike. What then was the meaning and purpose of this peremptory step? It was immediately stated as if by authority, and it seems to be admitted that the purpose was to

COERCE THE SENATE OR SENATORS

to vote as they would not vote if left free from executive interference. The design was to control the action of Senators touching matters committed by the Constitution to the Senate and Senate exclusively. It has been suggested in addition by rivalling these nominations and holding them in his own hands the President might, in the event of the failure of another nomination, use them to compensate that failure. If it can be supposed that all these public trusts are to be, or would in any event, be made personal perquisities to be handled and disposed of, not only to punish the independence of Senatorial votes and action, but to liquidate personal obligations of any individual, however high in station, the conditions are utterly vicious and degrading, and their acceptance would counsel representatives of a State to fling down their oath and representative duty at the footstool of the Executive power.

Following this sweeping and startling Executive act, came the ominous avowals that dissent or failure "to advise and consent" would be held an act of offense exposing all the Senators, from whatever State, to the Executive displeasure. Thus, we find ourselves confronted by the question whether we shall

SURRENDER THE PLAIN RIGHT AND SWORN DUTY OF SENATORS

by consenting to what we believe to be vicious and hurtful, or be assigned the position of disloyalty to the administration which we helped to bring in, and the success of which we earnestly wish for. Every reason and motive which requires such submission as is now exacted. Although party service may be fairly considered in making selections of public officers, it can hardly be maintained that the Senate is bound to remove without cause incumbents merely to make places for those whom any individual, even the President or a member of his Cabinet, wishes to repay for being recreant to others and serviseable to him.

The letter of resignation goes on to show that over two years ago the Senate advised the appointment of Gen. Merritt, Windom and Kirkwood, now members of the Cabinet, consenting; but that they were not consulted as to his removal; that no fault had been found with Collector Merritt; no petition had been presented for his removal; that Judge Robertson has no special fitness for the place, having had only a professional training. It then quotes from

PRES. GARFIELD'S INAUGURAL MESSAGE,

where he says, he would ask Congress to take action fixing the tenure of minor offices to avoid intrigues for place, and questions the distinction that would leave greater offices a prey to intrigue and shield minor ones. The letter says neither by fitness, nor great service to the country or party should an exception be made in the case of Robertson. Referring to his service at the Chicago Convention, the letter declares that in view of the implied obligation of nearly all the delegates from New York to vote for Grant, Robertson, by becoming the leader of a bolt, was entitled to censure as advising others to commit a breach of faith. They (Conkling and Platt) could see no justification for themselves in consenting to require such service in such a mode. They believe Senators should be free from Executive menace on the one hand, or inducement on the other. They cannot believe the Senate is simply to find out the Executive will and then do it. The letter closes thus:

In this instance such prominence has been given to the subject and such distrust been expressed of the correctness of our position that we think it right and dutiful to submit the matter to the power to which alone we are bound and ever ready to bow. The Legislature is in session. It is Republican by a majority, and New York abounds in sons quite as able as we to bear her message and commission in the Senate of the United States. With a profound sense of the obligation we owe; with devotion to the Republican party and its creed of "Liberty and Right;" with reverent attachment to the great State whose interests and honor are dear to us, we hold it respectful and becoming to those who may correct all the errors we have made and interpret aright all the duties we have misconceived. We therefore enclose our resignations, but hold fast the privilege as citizens and Republicans to stand for the constitutional rights of all men and of all representatives, whether of the States, the Nation or the people. We have the honor to be, Very respectfully,

Your obedient servants,
ROSCOE CONKLING,
THOMAS C. PLATT.

To His Excellency Gov. Cornell.

NEWSPAPER COMMENTS.

How the Resignations are Viewed in Different Quarters.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 17.—The news of Conkling's resignation is the talk of the Town to-day. Prominent Republicans express the opinion that he has done a very foolish thing, and in office-holding circles his action is generally considered a mistake. The Bulletin thinks the retirement can hardly be considered a calamity. The Post regrets it.

NEW YORK, May 17.—The Sun says: "The only argument that can be presented to justify such a manifestation, is that as the Republican administration and the Republican majority of the Senate have resolved to appoint to an office in this State which controls the opinions and votes of the greatest number of men, a determined and uncompromising antagonist of Conkling and his followers, an antagonist who is at the same time the most cunning, the most pertinacious of politicians, and as this seems to involve a 'policy of unsparing hostility toward the two Senators, it becomes proper for them to return their trusts into the hands of the Legislature, in order that it may either adopt and commend this policy, or, on the other hand, may condemn the policy, and set the seal of its approbation upon the two Senators by re electing them once more to the office which they have now resigned."

The Brooklyn Eagle (Democrat) says: "The manifest object is, as gamblers would say, to force somebody's hand. Whose hand, is the question. One obvious effect of this manuver will be to make the Republican party of this State take sides without delay and either support Conkling or be split from stem to stern."

The Staats Zeitung does not consider the probable re election of the Senators by the Legislature as a vindication for Conkling. Republicans should no longer be blind to the egotism of Conkling, who does not care for the welfare of his party, if he cannot rule it.

The Journal of Commerce says: "We regret that a large and respectable portion of the Republican party refuse to support the President of their choice and are not only attacking him in journals that contributed to his election, but seeking in every possible way to coerce him into managing public affairs for the benefit of a clique of politicians. The President should be sustained in all honorable efforts to discharge the functions of his high office to the close of his term."

The Tribune says: "There is certainly not a statesman in America who excels our own Senator in getting into quarrels without cause and out of them without dignity. He has kept the country in a hubbub and the Senate in a condition of nervous agitation for nearly two months, because an excellent gentleman who was opposed to a third term for Gen. Grant was nominated for Collector of the Port of New York. The sole and only objection to him is, Pres Garfield did not previously ask Mr. Conkling's permission to nominate him. Conkling has left no resource untried of menace, of intrigue, or of slander, to weaken the administration, to gain recruits against it within and without the ranks of his own party. But every weapon has broken in his hands."

The Herald says: "Garfield has been treated as though he were a demi-god, as a sovereign, whose will was law, and to deny whose mandate was as much of a crime as it would be for an Ottoman to challenge the divine right of the Sultan. Conkling has rights which even the President is bound to respect. He is an older and better soldier in the ranks of the Republican party than the President; he is a loyal Republican. The truth is that from the beginning, Garfield has committed himself irrevocably to Blaine. His dealings with Conkling, Platt, and their followers has followed the policy of duplicity."

The Times says: "The American people have a keen and ready sympathy for the heroic element in politics. They have an equally quick perception of mock heroes. The statesman who prepares for them a thoroughly dramatic surprise will captivate them. The politician playing at statesmanship, who is merely stagey, will hardly succeed in furnishing them with more than mild amusement. The Representatives of the State of New York in the United States Senate evidently intended to formulate a challenge of defiance to the Administration. They have merely penned a clumsy apology for the act, equally without precedent and without excuse. When they had used in the Senate all the legitimate weapons of opposition to the nomination which they disapproved, their whole duty was done."

BALTIMORE, May 17.—The resignations of Conkling and Platt were heard here with astonishment. The American leans toward Garfield in its comments, while the Gazette as decidedly inclines to Conkling. The Sun says the action has reference solely to the game of politics.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—The National Republican says: "The Republican Senators have almost as one man regretted, and most of them have urged the withdrawal of the nomiuation of Robertson. They have been met with the arrogance and obstinacy of a weak man adhering to a wrong."

BOSTON, May 17.—The Journal says Conkling has made a mistake.

PHILADELPHIA, May 17.—The Times says the act is an assumed appeal to the people; that it ostentatiously mocks the people and their sovereignty, and makes a fatal breach between the despotism of the Conkling faction and the independence, manhood and integrity of the Republican citizen. The North American holds that the Republicans of New York cannot afford to endorse Conkling.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 17.—The Journal says: "Sens. Conkling and Platt have not resigned out of pique nor for nothing. Mr. Garfield succeeded to the Presidency by means of the vote of New York. The appointment of Judge Robertson was not a recognition of the Blaine party in New York, or of the Independents, or anybody else. It was solely and purely an attack on Mr. Conkling—so conceived, so understood, so expressed by every one. It is only those who believe that Sen Conkling should be punished for some undefined and undefinable offense who can by any possibility endorse the action of the President in the matter."

CINCINNATI, May 17.—The Commercial says: "Conkling's resignation, accompanied by that of his colleague, Platt, has no particular significance. He has surprised the country, but there is no astonishment or alarm. It is absurd in the disaffected Senators to go to their Legislature for endorsement."

The Gazette says: "Conkling's resignation is a Senatorial act of the shallowest character. Having the Legislature in his hands, he plays a trick of resigning to be elected again. This performance makes more conspicuous the fact that office patronage is Conkling's whole existence."

CHICAGO, May 17.—The Tribune says: "Conkling's letter fails to justify this proceeding, and is a piece of consummate egotism. It is as insulting and meanly insinuating as its author could make it, and no man can read it without instinctively applauding the President for his refusal to comply with the demand for the withdrawal of Robertson."

The Inter-Ocean says: "The resignation was not for the purpose of gaining a technical advantage, but was simply the act of two men who found themselves misrepresented malignantly, and to a certain extent abandoned by the party they had long and faithfully served, and who preferred private life to humiliation at the hands of an administration they had helped to inaugurate."

ST. LOUIS, May 17.—The Globe-Democrat says: "Mr. Conkling has done what every honorable man would do under similar circumstances. Finding a quarrel forced upon him by an Administration which he did his best to elect, and finding that the Administration was overmatching him by the mercenary artillery of Federal patronage, he has surrendered—not to Mr. Garfield or his mercenaries—but to the representative body of the people, from whom he holds his commission."

ALBANY, N. Y., May 17.—The Evening Journal says: "The purpose of these resignations is doubtless to secure personal vindication from the Legislature for the course they have pursued in their opposition to the nomination of Judge Robertson. They doubtless fancy they have a sure thing; they place themselves in the hands of a jury they believe to be already packed to render a verdict in their favor."

The Morning Express says: "The letter is one of the ablest and most powerful declarations of public rights ever issued, in that it demonstrates the unyielding determination of the Senators from New York to maintain the dignity and honor of the State they represent and the the dignity and honor of the body to which they were commissioned."

UTICA, May 17.—The Herald says: "The wording of Sen. Conkling's letter proves the resignation is a display of spite because the President refuses to surrender to their control the functions of his office. The act degrades the office of Senator to the level of a mere broker in patronage."

AUGUSTA, Ga., May 17.—The Chronicle says: "Conkling has been the aggressive and malignant enemy of the South, which should rejoice at the triumph of Pres. Garfield and the defeat of Conkling."

One Hundred Guns.

BUFFALO, N. Y., May 17.—The anti-Conklingites fired 100 guns, rejoicing over Conkling's resignation.

Speaker Sharpe Speaks

The Household.

Communications writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not traceline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Nothing in the nature of an exchange will be inserted in the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD unless accompanied with a remittance of 50c.

For the Girls.

After discussing as we have the moral and economical amenities in the family and household relations, a look into the outer air will be pleasant. We wish every girl could appreciate the opportunities of the next few months to secure health, beauty and courage by out door exercise. Our poor superficial and unfortunate under educated girls think that the vulgar taste which calls a delicate and effeminate form, *beauty*, is the winning one. Nothing is farther from beauty either in nature or art than such a physical deformity. The best society in Europe are so surfeited that a reaction has already set in, and the social favorites now can hardly be recognized under 140 pounds in weight.

This is as it should be and is in accordance with the highest law of art, for art and nature cannot be isolated without great violence to both. The social pets of the future will arrive from the rural districts, just like the great statesmen and Generals of to day who received their early lessons and the nourishment of brain and muscle from the agricultural press. Now we want our girls to become the successful female Generals of the future, and they need to begin the habits which will insure it. We see the future leaders in society with healthy, naturally evolved feet, plump, well-nourished arms and hands and shoulders like the Venus de Milo.

Some of our readers will be arranging for a Summer tour to the mountains and to climb the slopes and peaks of Central Europe, or the Coast Range of the United States, the inter-continental heights of the Rockies, or the Sierras of the Pacific front. Some will set their grooms to polishing up their nags for the daily sport on horseback; some will be getting down their boats from Winter quarters for a new coat of paint and varnishing; some will be putting their fishing tackle in order, and some, alas, have no horses, no boats, and no wealth for either water or land pleasures. Doubtless from these girls who have nothing, the future "Jersey Lilly" will be selected, and this is not guess work, but a prediction based on the largest array of statistics which conveys the intelligent opinion in such cases.

To those who have neither of the above perquisites a better method, perhaps than any other to secure future growth and health, is to work among your pansies, and dahlias, and morning glories. It is a notorious law, developed by the operations of the greatest physicists, that aromas from the ground are the best antiseptics for poison and the best stimulants to health in respiration and growth. To work bare-handed, even bare headed and bare footed in the blackest of dirt, is the most royal recreation of mortals. Each and every descendant of the imperial family of Prussia must learn some trade or engage in some occupation of utility, and the favorite one among the ladies is landscape gardening, and the Empress of Austria to-day is more celebrated for her rural tastes than for any of the arts of court.

Now every girl can become a botanist, and without a teacher, by beginning at this early season to look at the development of vegetable life. First dig up the ground, make it light and spongy so that the chemical elements of the air can penetrate the loose particles and furnish the nitrogen, hydrogen and other stimuli of growth. Put in the little bulbous seeds, or roots, watch them seek the sunlight, make a record of the day when such were planted, and note when each one presents its first bud above the surface. Watch the bud unfold to make the leaf, observe the shape of the bud, of the leaf of the blossom, of the stem, of the rootlets, of the decay in flowering and foliage, of the character of the fruit, or berries, of the time for leaves to fade and fall, and you have all the science of the most profound botanist so far.

If you will faithfully cultivate ten or 20 square feet of earth and catch the inspiration of the sunlight and the glow of a love for nature, and a knowledge of her laws you will take the primary lessons of the most gifted genius. If in addition you will take a tour into the nearest grove, and look up the unfolding of the budding fruit trees, into the fields and see the clover and grasses, the buttercups, dandelions and daisies flower and seed, you will be surprised to find how delightful your accomplishments will appear when, in after years, you supplement these early lessons, with those other accomplishments, which the Winter days and Winter evenings teach, and which together make the sum of the round year.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Township Boarding Schools—How to Support Them.

The three methods proposed for the support of these schools are: 1. By a State or National appropriation. 2. By Township tax levied for that purpose. 3. By library or exhibition club funds.

A Township Board of Directors should be organized, consisting of one member from each school district in the district in the Township, who should have full supervision of the school, and be subject only to the actions of the School District Boards or Board of Trustees. Each member of the Board of Directors should be Treasurer of the Library Club in his District, the District Board, or members of the club naming the other officers. Ample bonds should be given by all parties through whose hands moneys are to pass. The clubs themselves should be composed of all residents of the districts, who could be induced to aid in the work or give their influence, and should be arranged in two divisions—those who could and would take an active part in the exhibitions, and those who would be willing to aid by taking such parts as are adapted to them, and take an active part in all other entertainments.

The districts being thus organized into exhibition or reading clubs, can give various kinds of entertainments, among which should be an annual exhibition. The admission fee should be in proportion to the cost of the entertainment, ranging from 10 cents up. The average size of school houses would accommodate about 200 persons. Making the admission 15 cents, this alone would get $25, deducting $5 for expenses. Besides the admission fee, as much more money could probably be raised in other ways: voting a cane to the laziest man; a red four-foot handkerchief to the biggest nose; a big boot jack to the biggest foot; a red ribbon to the prettiest girl, etc., etc., candidates being required to present themselves on the stage. In this way an exhibition ought to be made to net at least $50 and it does look as though as much more could be raised by other entertainments during the year, such as strawberry festivals, oyster suppers and the like, which would make a total of $100 per annum.

Estimating 10 school district's to each Congressional Township would give us an annual Township fund from this one source alone of $1,000, which I verily believe could be raised, after the system is thoroughly inaugurated at least. But providing that the districts, or some of them, could give but one entertainment each year, and that some others have no material to compose an organization, (which fact should be determined by the Board of Directors) and from all other causes combined, these club funds could be made to realize but $500 per annum, and whatever sum would be needed above this for the support of the school could be easily made up by the other two methods spoken of. In my next letter I will briefly consider the first two propositions for raising funds for the support of these schools. PEDAGOGUE.

Old Times.

It is said that "Youth lives in hope, old age in reminiscence." We are perhaps all familiar with the fact that memory clings with wonderful tenacity to the things of the past. Probably there is no experience in life so nearly universal among the old, and sometimes the middle aged, as that of feeling that the things that used to be were better than the things that are now. The comforts and pleasures, and even Christian people of to-day, are looked upon as inferior and wanting in zeal, compared with those of the good old times. The ministers of this period are not the sons of thunder that they used to be; and there is not the sledge hammer style in the pulpit calculated to awaken the sinner as well as saint. The singers do not sing so sweetly as did Abby Hutchinson and Jennie Lind. Our modern gospel hymns do not compare in pith and point, with those of past ages. Only recently a good sister said to me, "How I wish they would sing some of those good old hymns they used to sing; I am tired of these little ditties"—referring to the Gospel Songs. And so there are those who have no patience with anything like enterprise, or improvement in or out of the church, but who cling to old forms and customs, simply because they are old, regardless of surroundings, and of the fact that the age demands aggression. Their principal fault is, that they have allowed the flow of life to run out and stop with the days of their youth; they have allowed interest after interest to slip out of their minds, and have almost unconsciously become spectators instead of actors and then suddenly find the world has left them behind. We concede too much to age, and fancy our life is measured by its length; we forget that old age is not determined by years but by the infirmities of mind and body, and by clinging entirely to the past we lose our interest in the present, the heart grows old, and antagonism between youth and age is the consequence.

We all know old people who are the most charming companions. We find help, encouragment, inspiration in the sympathy of an audience wise through love, interest and experience. But they are not the critics who sit aside and ask the world to run to their liking; neither do they expect to receive, and never give; but we find them still so far as they can, seeing the new sights, reading the new books, hearing of the fresh discoveries, and are glad to be told of recent inventions and improvements. The secret of this is, they have an interest in the life that surges around them, and a hold upon it to some degree, while others are continually looking back to the pleasures and merry-makings of the past, as the golden age, of which

> "Bards in plays of Golden Ages
> Long have sung in lofty rhyme,
> But except in their own pages
> Never was there such a time.
> The era they so much regret,
> The Golden Age is coming yet."

I fancy that Paul, of Tarsus fame, must have known how to deal with people when, taking a retrospect and prospect of his career, he urged his followers to be independent of the past, to take from it the valuable lessons learned, and press forward into the illimitable future. We unconsciously drift into channels, and need to be "tacked about" and shaken up in order to be able to meet the duties and demands of the present age. It is well to honor the virtues of the past, and we cannot quarrel with the tenderness that lingers over bygone years, but it is idle to be continually regretting and fancying them superior to our own.

MRS. G. H. HARRIS.

Waterloo, Ind.

Tell Me Why.

Would the Editor, or some of the numerous contributors to THE HOUSEHOLD please tell me why it is considered less honorable for married women to earn a little pocket money than it is for the unmarried to do so. This has long been a query to me. Why a woman with Mrs. to her name has not an equal right to do as she pleases as well as the others.

I have a number of choice plants (about 90) and have long wanted to have a south porch enclosed with glass, but did not like to ask to have it done. Some little time ago I saw an advertisement in a newspaper of an article that I liked very much, so I sent for it. It came in due time, and was as useful as I had anticipated it would be. With it came a letter asking me to take the agency for this County.

I thought here is the chance to have the conservatory made, but when I mentioned the matter of the agency to my husband, he was highly shocked and asked me if I did not always get money when I asked for it; (right here is the rub, the *asking* for it.) I had not said what I wanted to do with the money before. He objected to my taking the agency, and said he did not like the idea of being told that I turned "peddler" to get what I wanted. Said he had other reasons for objecting, but failed to give them, so I suppose they were not very weighty ones I asked him if he considered it a disgrace? He replied, he did, to make such a profit on anything. The idea of making 100 per cent. profit! I asked him if he thought it wrong to buy a calf for $10 and sell it for $20 if it was worth that? "Not at all, *that* was a matter of trade."

Now I fail to see much difference between the two. I would like to have the general opinion on the subject. I think pride goes far towards keeping some from obtaining things which are not positively necessary, but would be very pleasant to have. I think it just as proper for a lady to obtain a saddle by riding at a County fair for the premium, as to teach music or do something else of the kind to pay for it. The first method is much the quicker and best, to my notion. But the proud father or husband objects, and so the saddle is either done without, or obtained after a siege of tiresome work.

I think every word of the last Home Letter (No. 9 I think it is) is truth, every word of it. KATE W. AULD.

Green Valley, Ill.

Our position was fully explained in the matter some time ago. If a wife neglects no duty, and does not overtax her strength, there is no good reason why she should not earn money if she chooses. It is a false pride on the part of the husband who prevents her doing so. If he *does* object, the only reparation he can make for the interference with the wishes of a full grown, sensible woman—who is probably gifted with as much good sense and judgment in matters pertaining to her own life and duties as he has, and who has an equal right to dispose of her spare time and strength according to her own desires as he claims for himself—is to give her an allowance sufficient to cover the moderate ground of her wishes. If he cannot do that he should leave her in freedom to act for herself.

—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Montana Sufferers.

I saw a communication in your last issue in regard to helping the suffering in Montana. I send you a letter from the Probate Judge of Rush County, Kansas, bearing the seal of the County. It was written to a lady in Rush County, who is doing all she can to relieve the suffering. Last Winter we went around and solicited aid for them. We sent a box of clothing to her to distribute, which she did to many suffering families, and one where a woman lay sick on a bed of hay in a corner of the room with a young child.

If our HOUSEHOLD friends wish to aid these suffering ones, if they will write to Mrs. Maria Belfield, Belfield, Rush County, Kansas, or the Probate Judge, further information will be given. The following letter was sent here because some one had reported there was no suffering in Kansas, but no pen can describe the suffering there is and has been produced by two years of drouth in succession, and the hardest Winter they have ever known. If seeds could be sent they would be of inestimable value for those that have none and no money to buy. Let the friends of THE HOUSEHOLD think of the time when our ancestors were looking toward the East for the ship that had been sent thousands of miles through storms and dangers of the deep, bearing aid to those who had braved the hardships of a new country, and with what thanksgiving it was received. Even so it will be received by our countrymen in the West.

MRS H. STITES.

The following is a portion of the letter spoken of. The picture drawn is a terrible one, and if the suffering can be relieved, it would be a blessed thing:

I just got back last evening from a trip out through the western part of the country. I had heard a great deal said about the suffering of this country, but I had no idea of the extreme destitution that exists. I found one family that had about one quart of corn meal in the house and not a morsel of anything else to eat and not clothing enough to hide their nakedness. I had but one half dollar left. I gave them that and left them with my heart filled with sadness. I found a great many similar cases yet none quite so bad as this one. I hope I never may. What can be done for those dear suffering ones? Most of them are noble men and women and dear little children crying for bread and can't get it. Oh if our brethren and sisters who have been blest with an abundance of the good things of this world could just realize the condition of many here, it would melt their hearts to tenderness, their eyes to tears and open their hands to liberal giving.

W. B. MCCORD, Probate Judge
Rush County, Kans.

Return of an Old Friend.

Have you missed me any in my long silence? I have missed you sadly, for we have been without the BLADE for several months. I'll tell you I was glad to get hold of one again and turned immediately to THE HOUSEHOLD But imagine my disappointment at not finding a familiar face (or signature), but read it with much pleasure nevertheless. And now I will give you a few of those long promised home made articles.

A nice shoe box can be made by getting a box two feet long by one foot wide and one deep, hinge the lid on and paper the inside. Then cover the outside by tacking on curtain calico and put a cushion on top of cotton in thin calico, and cover with the curtain calico. You can set this under the window, as it does well for a seat.

I have a cheap scrap bag for the machine, made this way: Take six strips of calico about three inches wide and one foot long; taper off one end to a point, commencing about five inches from the end; sew up and gather a little around the top, and put an old hoop or piece of wire around the top, put some strings on it and hang on the machine.

Hair-pin holder—Take a baking powder box and crochet a loose cover for the top, of split zephyr; then cover the sides with silver card board, and crochet a lose bottom, so that it will hang down in the middle, and finish it with balls and cords. But before you put it together stuff the box about three fourths full of cotton or wool. Hang near the looking glass, and you will find it very useful.

I must tell you of a set of pockets I have on the cellar door and then I will stop for this time. Take calico or corset jeans, which is better, tear off the piece for the back about a yard long (or longer if you wish it for you can find use for as many pockets as you want to put on it.) Now tear off two widths about a foot deep for the lower pockets. Gather the top a little and bind. Now turn up the lower edge and gather until it is right to put on the back, stitch it on at the bottom and measure up on the back as far as the top of the pocket will come and stitch with a stout stitch, a strip of stout cloth on the back so that the strain on the pockets when full will not tear a piece out of the back. When the pocket is fast at the sides stitch it down through the middle and be sure that you fasten it well at the top edge onto the strip of cloth. Now you have two pockets for the bottom. Make the next narrower and make three of it and so on to the top. This is very useful indeed. You can make another on the bedroom door or closet with the pockets small for slippers. LIDE.

Formerly of Morfordsville.

Thoughtless Words.

A great deal has been said in THE HOUSEHOLD in regard to "womanly independence, and I, for one, heartily indorse it, but while so much good advice is being given to these young girls concerning "self supporting," would it be wasted if a little were bestowed upon those, upon whose influence much of the success of these depends; to those who have it in their power to either help or hinder; to those who choose rather to hinder than lend a helping hand? Would it not be better for all, and happier for themselves, if they would help remove an obstacle from another's path, rather than place one in it? Would it not suffice as well if they would keep back the illnatured remarks which rise to their lips, and utter pleasant and equally true ones instead?

Could we but see the bitter pain and anguish our thoughtless and too often malicious words cause, I doubt not but that we would put a closer guard upon our lips!

They are often insignificant in themselves, but putting at defiance the old saying "A rolling stone gathers no moss," with repetition comes enlargement until the report bears no resemblance to the original, and no doubt the originator would not recognize it and be loud in denouncing the one who would start such a story.

Many a pure girl has not the courage to withstand so many assailants and sinks never to rise again, when all that was needed to insure her success, would have been a little kindness and proper encouragement at a proper time.

I could cite several examples which have come within my knowledge, one in particular, where a few unfounded and malicious remarks made against an excellent young lady teacher caused her much needless distress. But my letter becomes too lengthy, so I will close, only adding, is it any wonder that under such circumstances, girls prefer to naturally seek a home and protector, rather than battle with the world alone? Are they to be blamed if they often fail to better their condition? But girls, let me beg of you do not marry merely for a home, without love, for such a union cannot surely be blessed. A FRIEND.

Magnolia, Ills.

Expressions of Opinion.

A. N. talks as follows to "Distressed Husband:"

"As you say you have a number of children, your duty, as I look at it, is to help raise the children You have taken your wife for better or worse, and in your case it seems to be all worse.

Try and make the best of it, and for the sake of those children do not think of a separation, and if there are any girls in your family, why, in all probability, you will have a housekeeper, even though your wife refuses to be your helpmeet. Should you be careful to perform your duty faithfully, and gain the respect of your children, undoubtedly they will early begin to see the folly of their mother's proceedings, and will be careful not to follow in her footsteps."

"Ben Aenron," Hermit Hill, Ga., writes:

"I should like to hear more from "Viamead," the New Jersey lady, who is willing to marry the man of twice her own age As I am much more than twice 20, she will not think me a suitor, I have never been married and have never been able to understand why a difference of age should be regarded with such horror as many express—if in other things the parties are suited to each other. I am a "Carpetbagger" of 10 years residence in the South. My home —I keep "bachelor hall"—is in one of the very worst of the bulldozed parishes of Louisiana, and I vote the Republican ticket at every election. Previous to 1876 we had a majority of 800 in the parish, but since that date we poll from 9 to 20 votes—never more than 20."

If "Viamead" will send her address again to the BLADE, a letter will be forwarded to her.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

"Earnest" Roudhouse, Ills., says;

"Let us try to take our children, our neighbors, yea, all with us to that better land. How can we do this? Never simply, by washing and ironing, never by idleness and slighting our hired helps, never by tramping the downtrodden and talking scandal. The work lies before us, dear good sisters and brothers of this band; "arise and tell." We know you are here; we have felt cheered, helped, blessed, often, while listening to the sweet earnestness of some in behalf of right. Intemperance and sin must be done away. Our household duties must be attended to with promptness and earnestness, that there be more time for deeds of kindness, more time for rest. Then the mind has more time for thought and the hands and feet will go out in this way to cheer some lonely wanderer. There is so much to be done. The harvest is great, but where are the reapers Sheaf by sheaf the grain is gathered. We naturally say, the work is so great, so much suffering, so much sin and misery; what can a woman do in such a battle? Weak, helpless, and will hear and answer at all times, and in every case."

MRS. "Mattie Hart," Dupont, O., talks of several things:

"One lady wishes to know how to make hair switches; I will tell you how I make them: Drive three tacks in a chair, part to the left, one in the part at the right, take three pieces of wire and tie around the one tack and then to the three separately, begin with a small bunch of hair at the three tacks, put under one wire and over another—up and down twice in the form of the letter M, and push to the one tack until you get the wires full.

"Another lady wants to know how to make leather flowers. Get tanned sheep skin, cut the desired shape, dip in lye, dry slowly around the stove, then dip in strong glue water, dry and varnish. Grapes are made with cotton covered with silk fastened to a wire and varnished.

"I defend the 'Homestead Lady' in wishing to help earn the support of the family. I was well acquainted with several intelligent and neat housekeepers in the Northern part of Michigan, that had not means to do with, or work to keep them busy with a small family, when their husbands were away at work, and if they could have earned even a small amount, it might have helped some and allowed the men to have put a few more days in improving their farms.

"Maud" Flat Rock, Mich., says:

"As "Gyda" says how many imagine they lower themselves to work for their living. For my part I think it is no disgrace to work, and if you can find nothing else to do, try general house work. It is true, if you advertise for a first class milliner or an experienced clerk, you will have about 50 applicants in two hours; but, if you advertise for a girl to do general housework very few will apply."

"S. S. H." writes:

"I have found that knees can be knit on childrens' stockings when worn through, as well as new heels or toes, and as I have never seen any one else do it, I give you the modus operandi: Take up stitches just below the worn place by putting the needle through the threads and then knit a piece long and wide enough to cover the worn place, sew it down with yarn and if the yarn matches it will hardly show at all. Leave the old part underneath as it supports the new piece."

"A voice from the Kitchen" tells the servants' side of the story:

"The ladies will think hard if we get out of sorts. If they would take our places for one week, I think they would see that sometimes we are not to blame Now, nomatter, how well we do if we don't want to stay any longer at the place why then the worst girl in the land is better. There are good girls who have been driven to the bad for the simple reason that the ladies with whom they have lived have said terrible things of them."

"A Western Farmer's Wife" writes in answer to a letter that appeared some time ago:

"I would like to tell 'Peggy Short' that I have been a Western farmer's wife for four years and my father was a Western farmer, and I have never experienced any such hardships as she speaks of. I have never milked the cows, or fed the calves and hogs, and when my husband goes away he brings in fuel enough to last all day, and helps me in many ways, but doesn't ask me to do the chores. My advice is if any girl loves a Western farmer, marry him. When one complains so much there is sure to be something wrong with the complainer. 'Peggy Short' certainly does not appreciate her husband, or else he is very lazy."

"Kansas Lady" discourses in regard to her home:

"Yates Center is a little Town five years old and has about 500 inhabitants. It is also the County seat and is located on the beautiful upland on the south side of Owl creek. This County is not slow in its advancement toward improvements. We have a splendid Fair and I never saw such fruit in my life as is exhibited there nearly every year. Thousands of people gather there from other Counties, and the fair is known as one of the best of the West. Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois are well represented in this Town. We have a great many good citizens from those three States. With a very few exceptions the people of this place are on an equality."

"Minnesota Girl" says:

"Girls, marry for love, if you marry at all, but I do not believe in marrying at all. Try it and see how much happier you will be. Now I don't want you to think that I am a "cross old maid," for I am not, but am going to be a dear "old lady," a "help" and "comfort" to everybody. You know the saying: "The happiest life that ever was led was ever to court and never to wed."

Inquiries.

My little five-year-old daughter is losing all her hair. She is and has been, to all appearance, in good health, and yet for months her hair has been falling until her head is fully one-third white and bare We have consulted physicians and used washes to no purpose, and if any of the BLADE family can suggest any help we shall be most thankful.—MR JOE BENJAMIN.

One of the best remedies we have ever heard of was blood root put into brandy and then the head washed thoroughly with the mixture and fric ion applied, both before and after, until the blood rushes to the surface freely. Of course the remedy must depend upon the cause of the trouble, but the above will do no harm if good does not come of its application.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

Will Grace Holmes please send me her address, as I would like to send to her for eggs from her thoroughbred fowls?

Can any one give me the address of either Mrs. Kate Gaiding or Sarah or Jennie McNeal; when last heard from were in St. Joe, Mo?—MRS O. B. KNAPP, Darwin, Meeker Co., Minn.

Can some one give me a cure for inflammation of the windpipe? I have been suffering with it for a long time and can find no relief.—MRS. E. M. H., Marcus, Ia.

Will the lady sending egg cure for rupture send her address to me and state what kind of rupture it is good for? I will pay postage. Address—G. S., Waldron, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

Will some one tell through THE HOUSEHOLD how to keep mince meat through the Summer?—Mrs. G. E. C.

Will some one please tell how to raise money to fix our Sunday School room and buy an organ? We have $40 subscribed for the organ and would like to add as much more to it. We have had oyster suppers but they do not pay.—ADAH.

Will some one tell me how many sheets of manuscript of an average writer, it takes to make a column when printed and what is usually paid for stories which occupy three or four columns of a newspaper?—FAUSTINA.

For a column of leaded brevier such as THE HOUSEHOLD editorials appear in, it would take from eight to 10 or 12 pages of medium writing upon medium sized commercial note paper. The price per column varies in different newspapers, some paying as high as $10, and others again as low as $2. Stories and correspondence are usually paid for in that way.—ED. HOUSEHOLD.

I have got some very pretty red and white cotton; will some of the ladies of the BLADE please tell some pretty way to knit it?—H. A. C.

Will some of the scientists of the BLADE tell an interested reader of its paper what will preserve cut flowers in their natural color? Alcohol keeps them nicely only the color fades out. Please some one answer in time to save some of our Spring beauties.—EDA.

Will some one please tell me what to do with my dress? It is gray and black plaid; the very first time of wearing water was spilled on it, and the colors have "run" badly. I can not wear it a all as it is.

What is the best method of exterminating rats in the cellar? They are digging holes all over it. Traps have failed —"A NEW SUBSCRIBER."

Can any of your readers tell me where I can find my cousin Fannie Duncan, whose maiden name was Bennett? The family lived in St. Louis, but when last heard from, three or four years ago, she was in Jeffersonville, Ind. Her father, Maj. J. R. Bennett, was in Arkadalphia, Ark. I have written several times but do not get an answer. Any information will be gladly received by her cousin Kate, Mrs. Bennett Paillips.

Answers to Inquiries.

BED SPREAD.

1. Cast on 40 stitches; 2. Knit 3 round; 3. Narrow 4 by knitting 2 together, widen 8 by throwing thread over, narrow 4, turn a seam and repeat. 2d row purl 24, knit 1 and repeat; 3rd row knit 24, purl 1 and repeat; 4th row purl 24, knit 1 and repeat. Repeat this till it is long enough for a quilt.—ANNIE.

LACE EDGING.

1st. Cast on 9 stitches; 2nd. Slip 1, knit 1 make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, knit 1, make 2, knit 2; 3rd. Slip 1, knit 2, seam 1, knit 2, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, knit 2; 4th. Slip 1, knit 1, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, knit 5; 5th. Slip 1, knit 5, make 1, narrow make 1, narrow, knit 2; 6th. Slip 1, knit 1, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, knit 2, make 2, narrow, make 2, knit 2; 7th Slip 1, knit 2, seam 1, knit 2, seam 1, knit 2, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, knit 2. 8th. Slip 1, knit 1, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, knit 8; 9th: Slip and bind 5, knit 4, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, knit 2.—C. E. H.

"Olly" asks how to to cook egg plant. I raise a good many of them and think I can cook them good enough for a King About one hour before dinner I slice them about ¼ an inch thick, then stack up the slices sprinkling salt between the layers. Let them stand until time to fry them; flour and fry just as you would fresh fish.—A. B.

In response to Mrs. L. L. Logan's inquiry for cure for "worts" would tell her to bathe frequently with strong salt water, made with rock salt.

To those packing eggs I would say they will keep just as well packed in wheat bran, the large end down. I always put mine down this way.—J. J.

Helen asks for paste for scrap book: Take 1 teaspoonful of clean starch, mix with a little cold water, then add ½ cup of boiling water, boil well; this paste will not curl as most other paste will.

Pop corn balls: While popping your corn melt sugar and have ready to pour over the corn while it is yet warm; press in balls with the hands greased with butter to keep from sticking.—C. E. GOE, Brownsville, Pa.

Please to let "Chatta Bell" know that I sent to her for flower seeds for myself and three of my neighbors, to the address she gave in the BLADE. For their sakes, even more than my own, I hope she will answer soon.—Mrs. A. C. HODGE.

If "Subscriber" will varnish her black hat with thin varnish after pressing, it will be nice.—T. H.

If "Bluebell" or any one else who is troubled with chicken hawks, will put a martin box on their premises near where their chickens congregate, they need not apprehend any danger from hawks.—T. D.

Tell "James Turner," I. T. C, to go to the drug store and inquire for a box of white felt corn plasters. There are two kinds, one with holes in the center, the other have none; are for corns between the toes. If he or she will follow the directions on the box, he will find it the surest, safest and most comfortable remedy for corns. Be sure to wear a stocking on the foot at night as well as day, to keep the plaster on. Please publish this, for it will prove a blessing to all who try it. If one plaster don't cure, put on another.—MRS. JAMES B. ARCHERD.

In answer to "Dora's" inquiry about new pieces, suitable for teaching, that have brilliant and fascinating airs, I would advise her to try some which I am using, which have proved so very popular that the bands and orchestras of this vicinity are all taking them up and arranging them for their use. They are composed by Maj. Stephen S. Bonbright, who received the silver medal for playing six instruments at one and the same time, and are published by F. W. Helmick, of Cincinnati. They are all gems: "Foot Prints in the Sand" waltz; "Veteran's Grand Review March;" "Listen to the Evening Chimes." Or for songs: "Where the Rose and the Daisy's Sleeping," and "Where the Birds in the Vine o'er us Sang." I am interested to have "Dora" try these compositions, as they are by a bright—BUCKEYE BOY.

I have come this time only to accept the information which Mr. Rennie has so kindly offered, and please Dr. Rennie hasten, for my pet ivy is ill, and if you can give me a prescription that will prove effectual in his case, I shall be only too glad. Through the winter it throve vigorously, but this Spring several of the oldest leaves, one at a time, have turned yellow and fallen off. Will they ever be replaced by new ones? I have given stimulants twice, soot and diluted ammonia, occasional sponging of the leaves and bottom heat. No insect pests to be seen. Have Kenilworth ivy in the same pot with it, and hope they will not prove uncongenial companions, as the effect of their union is really beautiful.—E. K. CRUMB, Brokenstraw, N. Y.

I received back a letter I had written to a dyspeptic, on account, I think, of not getting the name right I fear he will think me a fraud. Now will you say in THE HOUSEHOLD that "S. S. Parker, of Wellington, O., requests that sufferer from dyspepsia residing in Driftwood, Hitchcock County, to write again and sign name plainly, and he will write again to him, his letter coming back, not called for. Could not make out the name. —S. S PARKER.

Recipes.

MOLASSES COOKIES.

for Mrs. A. McGarren; 1 coffee cup of molasses, 1 coffee cup of sugar, 1 coffee cup of shortening; 1 tablespoonful of soda in 8 of hot water; 1 tablespoonful of ginger, and 1 egg will make it better.—MRS. J. R. C.

HURRY CAKE (splendid).

1 cup of sugar, 1 egg, or 2, ½ cup of water, butter the size of an egg, 2 spoonfuls of baking powder and 1 cup of flour sifted together; essence, lemon.—MARY J. P.

TO PREVENT HOG CHOLERA.

Put a big scoke or poke root in your swill barrel in the spring, and keep it there all summer and you will have healthy hogs, and you will not find the intestines full of worms when you butcher. Hog growers, try this; we have, and know whereof we speak.—MRS. A. W. NICHOLS.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR PRESERVES.

It will do for western people who raise sorghum. Moderately boil a pint of molasses from 5 to 20 minutes, according to its consistence, when add 3 eggs, thoroughly beaten, hastily stirring them in. Continue to boil a few minutes longer, when season with lemon or a nutmeg It is very good without any seasoning. I have used it for a number of years.—SARAH.

CORN STARCH CAKE.

The whites of 4 eggs, 2 cups of white sugar, 1 cup of butter, 1 cup of sweet milk, 1½ cups of flour, 1 cup of corn starch, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or 2 of cream tartar, 1 teaspoonful of soda.—T. H.

LEMON PIE.

One lemon, peeled and seeded, slice and stir with 1 cup of sugar, yolk of 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful of flour, and 1 cup of cold water; make with 1 crust; beat with the white of egg with 3 tablespoonfuls of white sugar. When the pie is done spread this on the top and set it in the oven to harden.—MRS. R P.

DOUGHNUTS.

Take 3 cups of sugar, 3 eggs, 1 cup of milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of melted lard, pinch of salt, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour enough to make dough stiff enough to roll easy, fry in hot lard. —FAUSTINA.

FOR THE LADIES.

Jet and steel and jet with gold beads are among the important trimmings.

"Give me my coat and hat," said the man, faintly; "I didn't know I had got into the torture chamber of the Russian inquisition."

Woman regards house-cleaning as a failure unless it gives her a worse headache than her neighbor has.—*Stillwater Lumberman.*

Coeducation has at last been introduced in the University of the City of New York. The first girl student entered the Freshman Class Thursday.

A Brooklyn fashion paper stated that "maiden's blush" was a fashionable color, and none of the readers had any idea what it was like.—*Boston Post.*

Three Newport belles, now married, were once known in society as "Battle," "Murder," and "Sudden Death"—their names indicating their style of conquest.

A woman admires a handsome man until she meets a woman whom he admires, and then she thinks he isn't so handsome as he was, and that the woman is a deceitful, jealous, conniving hussy.—*Floating Filosofices.*

He—"She is a remarkably sweet singer, I don't know when I have heard such a fine voice. Did you notice her bravura passages?" She—"No; but I noticed the lace on her dress. It's real Hamburg, and just lovely."

Mrs. Jane G. Austin is reported to be the author of the new novel "The Nameless Nobleman." Mrs. Austin is a descendant of one of the Pilgrim Fathers and is a cousin of Professor Goodwin of Harvard.

A woman in Elmira sent "a three-cent stamp for 25 useful articles," and received 25 pins. They gave her at least 25 points of useful information, one of which is that advertisers are not apt to give a fortune for a three-cent stamp.—*Boston Courier.*

Nine thousand three hundred and seventy four women have been heard to remark, during the house-cleaning epidemic, "I have to look out for everything; everything is left for me; nothing is done unless I do it; it's enough to try the patience of a saint."

In Boston street car conductors, in uniform, pass themselves off on guileless girls from the country as naval officers. But where the preponderance of females is so great, a girl isn't to blame for believing anything a man tells her.—*Louisville Sunday Argus.*

A young gentleman called on a new acquaintance the other evening, and vows he will never call on her again. He says though she was not all his fancy painted, the fence was. Owing to the paint on his new Spring suit he has not benzine since.—*Rochester Herald.*

It is said that Clara Morris pauses in the agonies of a dramatic climax to make a familiar recognition of a friend here and there in the house. Clara never goes back on a friend. That's were she is right, especially when the friend has a bumptious bouquet, bought at Clara's expense, to be flung on the stage at the critical moment.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Connecticut now exacts a tax of $20 a day from every itinerant doctor.

The *Hour* calls champagne bottled sunshine. Then, of course, Tennessee whisky is bottled moonshine.—*Detroit Chaff.*

London has a new paper called *The Policeman.* It is delivered to subscribers at clubbing rates.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"This is what I like," said the tramp, "good country board," as he laid himself down on the floor of the barn.—*Puck.*

"Is that cheese rich?" asked Bloggs of his grocer. "Yes," was the honest answer, "there's millions in it."—*Hartford Post.*

A young man was found hanging to a gate in Podunk, N. J., last night. He was cut down by an irate father's boot.—*Puck.*

Ex-Sen. Hamlin went to two balls at Bangor last week, dancing to the end of the program with great nimbleness and enjoyment.

The vendors of smoked horse and donkey flesh at the recent Ham Fair in Paris did a good business. Statistics show that the liking for horseflesh, though an acquired taste and domesticated in Paris by the hard necessity of the siege, is not disowned in the piping times of peace. The horse and the ass have become articles of every day consumption in the gay capital, and their use as food is constantly increasing in extent.

A recently published map of Boston shows that fully one-half of the present area of that city consists of "made ground," reclaimed from water or swamp by filling in and piling. The pile-driving business has doubled within the past year, and is now being carried on with unprecedented activity. Among the pile foundations in course of preparation are those for the Mechanics' Exhibition building, the Water Street Elevator, Charlestown, the freight yard of the Fitchburg Railroad, the Children's Hospital, the Boston Electric Light Company's building, and the building of the Boston Art Club.

Even the cosmopolitans of the circus are not without social pride and caste distinctions. A reporter of the Philadelphia *Record* has been intruding into the dining tents of the big show at present in that City, and has discovered that the "only genuine" monstrosities, such as the living skeleton, the fat girl and the bearded woman, eat at a table of their own, apart from such inferior attractions as the colored jubilee singers. These, in turn, look with disdain upon the Indian musicians, and the ebony and copper faces are ranged around different boards. Other tables are prepared for the clowns and the ethereal creatures in spangles and tights.

Our Young Folks.

FIRST UP.

A brave little dandelion woke from his nap,
And hunted around in the dark for his cap.
"I'm certain," he muttered, "it ought to be here,
In the very same corner I left it last year."

He poked all about in the dirt and the dark
For the same little hat that he wore in the ark;
For fashions may vary with people and climes,
But dandelions wear the same hats all the time.

"What's o'clock?" and he paused, while he counted the fuzz
That had crept through his locks as old age always does;
Then he settled himself to pluck out the old feathers,
That had done so much service in all sorts of weathers.

Rather frowsy he looked getting into his hat,
But he knew that the rains would take care of all that
If he only were up; so he pulled on his boots,
And began to push up from his tough little roots.

Kept pushing, still cheerful, still hopeful, till,—push!
He rose to the surface close by the old bush;
With the frost scarcely out, and the ground hardly mellow,
Here he is on the top now, the brave little fellow!

The first dandelion! Well may we delight,
And call all the children to see the glad sight!
For of all the bright prophets of hope and of Spring,
The golden-crowned dandelion surely is king!

—*Youth's Companion.*

WASHING DISHES.

BY MARION HARLAND.

One Winter afternoon, the social room of a city church was filled by an audience of ladies, assembled to listen to a lecture from one of their sex. The subject was, "What, When, and How to Read."

The essay was full of sprightly thought and the listeners went away, at its close in such good-humor as is apt to attend upon an hour pleasantly spent.

"It amused me," said a fashionable young lady to a friend, in descending the steps of the church, that "she should mention 'dish-washing' among the domestic duties that hinder home-study. Few of the ladies present ever touched a dish-cloth, I fancy."

"It is a mental employment," returned the other. "But one degree above scrubbing floors."

A rosy face in line with the speaker's grew sober, then clowdy.

"It is what I have done, often and again!" reflected Dora Ralston, the farmer's daughter. "And when I shall have finished my schooling in town, I must do it every day, or be undutiful."

The little scene recurred to her very vividly upon the Monday morning that followed her "setting down" at home. The excitement of unpacking her trunks and remodeling her own chamber and the "best room" of the farm-house was over. She had enjoyed—innocently enough—

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany each letter.

The Artichoke.

Wm. M. M., writing from Vermilion, Ill., wants to know where he can procure a peck or more of the best varieties of the artichoke?

Short Horns.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I wish to know the address for registry in the American herd book of short-horns. I have some young cattle for registry.

MRS. J. J. MCCLAREN.

Iberia, O.

Sheep Running at the Nose.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

Can any readers of the BLADE tell me what is the cause of my sheep running at the nose? Is it distemper? Some one that knows, please give remedy.

E. LANGFORD.

Francesville, Pulaski Co., Ind.

The Catalpa.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

As the time for transplanting is here I wish to ask some of the BLADE readers for the catalpa tree, as I wish to buy either tree or seed, but prefer the tree. Please answer to my address, and send price list.

MRS. ANN REYNOLDS.

Waveland, Montgomery Co., Ind.

Wants Light.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I would like an early answer to the following questions in the BLADE:

1. Do wild crabapples, eaten by cows, diminish the flow of milk? if they do, should I cut down the trees in the pasture?

2. Which will carry off the most water, a double drain of six-inch tile, or one line of eight-inch tile? Please state the difference.

JAKE.

Farm Ridge, Ill.

Will some of our Agricultural friends give the correspondent light upon these subject?—ED. BLADE FARM.

Magie Hogs.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

For the accommodation of C. Eshelman, of Adair, Iowa, please say that D. N. Magie, of Oxford, Ohio, was the originator of what was long known as the Magie hogs, but for some time has been known as Poland Chins, and from a statement over Magie's signature I would inform him that they were produced from the following named breeds of hogs: Poland, Big Spotted China, Big Irish Grazier and Byfield.

ISAAC CARTWRIGHT.

Fillmore, Ind., March 21.

A Wise Correspondent.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I wish to return thanks to the many readers of the BLADE, who have so kindly responded to my request for catalpa seed, and would say that I think I can get all the seed required. I would return my thanks by letter, but there are so many that it would take too long, but think by the correspondence I have received if those having seed to spare would send in their advertisements to the BLADE they would find plenty of customers, as we have received numerous postals in reference to it.

A. YOUNG.

Akron, Neb.

Corn Planting.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I bought one quart of Leaming corn last Spring, and planted it on the 15th of May on clay soil, in rows four feet apart and one foot apart in the rows. It was ripe by the 10th of September, grew very large and rank, no small or soft ears, very deep and yellow grain. I also tried another kind. It is all colored. I call it "Dolly Varden." It does better on thin land than any kind I know of, is very early, and has large ears. This has been a very late Spring. Very little plowing has been done yet. Wheat looks well; feed getting scarce; oats, 40 cents; corn, ears 40 cents; potatoes, 75 cents; wheat, $1.15.

A. ELGIN,

Reading, Pa.

From Missouri.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

The past Winter has been unusually severe and protracted, and the Spring, so far, cold and backward. Vegetation is further advanced now than it generally is at the 10th to 15th of March. I write from personal observation, having resided at this place 13 years. Winter wheat looks well, though late; peaches all killed; apples uninjured, I believe; cherries, gooseberries and plums all right yet. This is a border County in Missouri, being the third from the south in the western tier. Lamar, the County town, is a thriving place, accessible by railroad and surrounded by a good farming country. We have no railroad taxes in this County. We have good schools, and our Sunday schools and churches are well attended. Land, unimproved $5 to $10 per acre; improved farms $10 to $25 per acre, according to quality, state of improvement and location. Stock, generally, came through the winter in good condition. Health generally good.

W. F. COX.

Nashville, Barton Co., Mo.

A Letter on Flowers.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

I have been reading the letter on flowers by F. H. D., and think he has good ideas on this subject, but for his flowers doing any better in the garden than in the yard, I think if he would try some in the yard, and give them the same cultivation they would do as well there as in the garden. About 9 out of 10 of the flower raisers think all they have to do is to sow the seed, and later pull a few weeds. They never think of using the hoe, and without it flowers are more often a failure than a success. Flowers require as much cultivation as any of our garden vegetables. Last season it was very wet here, but the year before there were weeks that it never rained. There was no rainwater to be had. Wells were dry or nearly so, and as we of course had to have water, it had to be drawn with a team quite a distance, therefore we had none to waste on flowers, yet I saved enough to keep them growing. All the wash water, mop water and water from the wash dish, was saved for my flowers. Then I used the hoe freely, and my flowers were as nice as any I ever saw, and I have seen a good many nice flowers. If you grow flowers be sure and give them good cultivation, they will reward you with double the blossoms they would if left to themselves. I have now sent seeds to all who have sent for them, if there are any who have not received their seed, please let me know immediately.

CHARTA BELLA.

Linden, Mich.

Grease Heel.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I send the following for the benefit of J. D. R.: "Grease-heel" is but a vague term of English farriers. American veterinary surgeons accept the name of "cracked heel" as being the proper name for thrush, foot evil, scratches, swelled legs, swelled ankle, etc., which are one and all the same thing. It is an established fact in the pathology of diseases whether of man or beast that the same cause acting upon the physical system under different circumstances may produce quite different results. Hence arises the fact that many diseases belonging to the same class, yet more or less varied in their development and designated by totally different names are often traceable to precisely the same origin. All of these diseases are relatives with the same symptoms, causes, and the same treatment cures them all. None are contagious as many suppose, yet like causes produce like effects, and nine cases out of 10 it is the result of gross negligence and reckless mismanagement. I know of no better treatment after the disease is brought on than ferri sulphas, 2 oz.; gentiana, 2 oz., linseed meal, 4 oz. Mix and give teaspoonful internally three times a day. Externally, take calomel, ¼ oz.; zinci oxidum, 1 oz.; tannin, 2 oz.; lard, 4 oz. Mix and apply on the affected parts every evening, and wash off with castile soap at morning and wipe dry.—J. E. B. GOOD, V. S., Defiance, O.

On the same subject, Alex. Weber, Toledo, O., gives the following as a cure:

"Take a sharp knife and cut out all the scab and mattery flesh, and then burn the raw part with caustic. Repeat this every day till the roots of the disease are all cut and burned out; then it will heal readily."

Chicken Chat.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm.

In the BLADE of April 14, Mrs. Gilbert Combes asks for a remedy for breaking hens of eating their own eggs, and in reply the editor of THE HOUSEHOLD says that Dr. Carlin, in his Recipe Book, recommends that crushed oyster or clam shells, or bone dust should be kept where the fowls can help themselves.

Now, I have no fault to find with that piece of advice. All fowls should have a constant supply of lime of some shape, but after a hen has once found out that eggs are good to eat, all the lime this side of the Rocky Mountains will not cure her, unless you bury her beneath about a ton of it.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound"—yes, several pounds of cure, especially where egg eating among fowls is concerned, and if you don't want your hens to gobble up the eggs as fast as laid, you must arrange the nests so that they will be quite dark inside, keep the fowls constantly supplied with lime in some shape, never leave eggs in the nests in cold weather until they freeze and crack open, and above all, when your fowls are confined to close quarters, give them plenty of exercise, and don't advise you to hire a boy to drive the hens around the yard to exercise them, but you can cover the floor of their house with straw or earth and scatter the grain around for them to scratch out, and you can pour a pan of wood ashes in one corner for them to scratch over. A hen's head can't hold but one idea at a time, and if you give her something else to think about she will not think about eating eggs. In nine cases out of 10 hens learn to eat their eggs just because they have nothing else to do. They get tired of standing around doing nothing, and go to scratching their nests to pieces; if it contains eggs they get knocked around at a lively rate, probably broken, the hen pokes her bill in, finds out that eggs are good for something besides to make chickens out of, and the mischief is done. In Summer when hens can have unlimited range, and scratch to their hearts' content, they never eat their eggs.

If you have only two or three egg-eaters among your flock, the quickest and cheapest method of cure is to catch the guilty ones and cut their heads off; but if the majority of your flock have taken to gobbling up the eggs of course you don't want to kill them all, so you must try "moral sussion." Put the misguided hens in coops by themselves, give them several wooden or porcelain nest eggs to eat. Boil several eggs quite hard, take a piece of shell from one side, scoop out most of the contents, fill the cavity with a thick paste of cayenne pepper, paste a piece of white paper over the hole, and put them in the coops and in the nests where the hens have been in the habit of eating eggs. Two or three mouthfuls of these "doctored" eggs will take the good taste of fresh eggs out of the biddies' mouths, and they will conclude that eggs are not so good as they used to be. A fortnight's confinement to coop and peppered eggs will, in most cases, effect a cure.

In answer to the inquiry, "Which is the best breed of chickens to raise for laying purposes?" I would say that depends upon circumstances. If you don't want to raise any chickens, and don't care whether a hen weighs three pounds or five, and don't live where the Winters are very severe, and can give your fowls unlimited range at all times, get the Penciled Hamburgs; they will outlay everything else that wears feathers. Their eggs are rather small, but in most markets an egg is an egg, whether it weighs one ounce and a half, or two ounces and a half. If you want a breed that will lay well all the year round, when not moulting, sitting or rearing chicks, and one that will answer all the purposes of a general farm fowl, get the Plymouth Rocks. If you want fowls that will lay well in winter, provided you have pullets of the right age, and take the right care of them, get the Partridge Cochins.

The following may be depended upon as about the average number of eggs that hens of the breeds named will produce in the course of 12 months

Light Brahmas—Lay 135 per annum; eggs, 7 to the pound.

Dark Brahmas—125 per annum; 8 to the pound.

Partridge Cochins—130 per annum; 8 to the pound.

Buff Cochins—Said to lay 110 per annum, but as I kept some three years and they didn't average 30 eggs apiece for the whole time, I am inclined to think 110 is a "leetle high." Eggs, 8 to the pound.

Houdans—150 per annum; 8 to the pound.

Leghorns and Plymouth Rocks—Average 155 per annum; 8 to the pound.

Black Spanish—140 per annum; 7 to the pound.

La Fleche—125 per annum; 7 to the ound.

Pencilled Hamburgs—180 per annum; 10 to the pound.

Games—140 per annum; 9 to the pound.

FANNY FIELD.

Charcoal for Fowls.

There is one thing which nature does not supply, and which civilization renders quite necessary to fowls. It is charcoal. Charcoal made of wood does not answer the purpose; it has no taste of food, it is not attractive to fowls, and is seldom eaten. But if any one will put an ear of ripe corn into the fire until the grains are well charred, and then shell off the corn and throw it to the flock, he will see an eagerness developed and a healthy constitution brought about, which will make a decided improvement. All pale combs will become a bright red, the busy song which precedes laying will be heard, and the average yield of eggs greatly increased.

"OPTIONS."

An Important Case Decided in Ohio.

BALTIMORE, May 13.—A special dispatch gives the following particulars of a grain case that has just been decided in Ohio, and which is of particular interest to western shippers. In the fall of 1876 Messrs. David Dows & Co., of this city, bought from Messrs. Moore & Marshall, of Sidney, Ohio, 74 cars of wheat for delivery during the months of October and November of last year. The market afterward advanced considerably, and Moore & Marshall failed to ship grain or buy it in on the market here, which Dows & Co. were obliged to do at a difference of about two cents per bushel. This difference they sued Moore & Marshall for, and have just received a dispatch from their counsel saying that a verdict has been rendered in their favor for $6,000. The case was tried at Sidney.

"I Don't Want That Stuff,"

Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia which had made her miserable for 14 years. At the first attack thereafter, it was administered to her with such good results, that she continued its use until cured, and made so enthusiastic in its praise, that she induced 22 of the best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Hop Bitters.—*Standard.*

Mrs Lincoln, the widow of the President, is now in Illinois, but will soon return to her former home in Pau, France.

NITRO-GLYCERINE.

Attempt to Assassinate a Railroad Employe at Milwaukee.

The Glass in Windows Shattered for Squares Around.

MILWAUKEE, May 12.—The strike of the switchmen on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, has at last assumed an ugly shape. At two o'clock yesterday morning, there was great excitement in the Company's yards, on the South Side, over an attempt to assassinate one of the night foremen by means of a nitro glycerine bomb. At the hour mentioned, a report in effect like that of the discharge of a cannon startled the residents in the vicinity of where the dastardly outrage was perpetrated. The shock was so great that the glass in the windows for squares around was shattered. People who were awakened rushed to the scene and found that bombs had been thrown at Michael Keiser, a yard foreman, who was riding down the track on a switch engine, with the foreman and engineer. Keiser has made himself obnoxious by refusing to receive overtures from the strikers. Fortunately, there was a ditch filled with mud along the track, and the Nihilistic bomb struck in it, instead of falling in front of the engine, as was intended. As it was, only a small fragment of the deadly missile struck the engine, and did no other harm than to damage it slightly. The escape of the three men on the engine seems miraculous. The ground for yards around was torn up, and the mud was scattered a distance of 100 feet. In searching, another bomb was discovered that had stuck in the mud and failed to explode. It is a crude affair, six inches long and several inches in diameter, filled with nitro-glycerine and slugs. It is wrapped in canvas and bound with heavy cord—as unsightly as it is dreadful to contemplate. It is generally conceded that the attempt to assassinate the fireman grew out of the present strike troubles. Every effort has been made to apprehend the perpetrators, but no clew of any tangible shape can be gotten, and all of the bridges and much of the railroad track in the City are heavily guarded. Otherwise there are no new developments in the strike.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

STARS WIPED OUT

WASHINGTON, May 11.—Orders have been issued from the Postoffice department to discontinue the steamboat mail service at once on the following routes in the South and Southwest: Memphis, Tenn., to Wiltsburg, Ark., 140 miles, cost of service on route $12,133 per annum; Camden, Ark., to New Orleans, 671 miles, cost of service $3,000 per annum; Jacksonport, Ark., to Batesville, Ark., 50 miles, cost of service $3,959 per annum; Little Rock to Fort Smith, Ark., 260 miles, cost of service $9,000 per annum.

Service on a number of steamboat routes in North Carolina and Alabama will be discontinued on and after August 1st next. Postmaster General James ascertained the service for nearly all intermediate offices on these routes is performed jointly by steamboat and inland Star route contractors, and that the entire service can be satisfactorily performed over the Star routes alone by extending them in a few particular localities. This extension can be made in every instance at a very slight expense, compared with the cost of the steamboat service, which will be discontinued.

In addition to the routes mentioned, a score or more short routes in the South and Southwest, heretofore maintained at a cost varying from $100 to $500 per month, will be discontinued at an early date. Other and larger reductions and discontinuances of what the Department regards as unnecessary routes in various sections of the country, may be expected from time to time.

STANLEY MATTHEWS CONFIRMED.

WASHINGTON, May 13.—The Senate confirmed Stanley Matthews by one majority, the vote being 24 ayes to 23 nays. As first announced, the vote was 24 to 22, but a Senator who had made an additional pair voted, leaving only one majority.

Sen. Anthony was temporarily absent and lost his vote. Had he voted it would have been against Matthews, and made a tie, which would have rejected him.

Sen. Mahone left the chamber and did not vote at all. When the vote was finally announced no Senator who voted in the negative changed his vote to the affirmative, therefore it is out of the power of Matthews' opponents to get a reconsideration, unless they can persuade some Senator who voted affirmatively to do so. It was rumored last night that a Senator had agreed to do so, in order that Anthony might vote, but a press reporter ascertained that this is not true. All the indications are that the vote will stand, and no further attempt to defeat Matthews will be made. Matthews' friends are disappointed and chagrined at the result. They counted on eight or ten majority, but five Democrats who were counted for Matthews voted against him. Notwithstanding this feeling of disappointment, Matthews has received many congratulations.

THE HERALD ATTACK.

The report that the President will reply to the Herald's attack upon him in regard to Conkling is denied by good authority. The President, so it is stated, will take no notice of the publication.

GOOD-BYE, RIDDLE!

The fight for the election of Senate officers will not be renewed. It has been virtually decided by Republicans to let it go over until December 5th or 10th.

Of the Republican Senators seen by the Western Associated Press reporter all expressed the opinion that the Senate will adjourn next week.

GORHAM'S ABUSE.

Gorham, editor of the Republican, is not pleased with the President's attitude and the turn affairs have lately taken. He has turned his guns upon the White House, and keeps up such a bombardment that the Administration Senators can hardly now vote for him for Secretary of the Senate, notwithstanding he is still the caucus nominee. It is thought, from Gorham's attitude, that he has himself given up all hope in that direction. If he is still a candidate he is a very lively and spirited one, making enemies where friends are thought to be more useful.

WASHINGTON NOTES

Gen. Schofield sails about the 1st of June for an extended tour in Europe.

James A. Gregory, Professor of Latin at Howard University, this city, is the candidate for the Consulship at Leeds, Great Britain. He is a colored man, and is endorsed by Hon. James Monroe, of Oberlin, Sen. Bruce, Gen. Howard and others.

Comptroller Knox, of the Treasury Department, predicts that everything will be dull and quiet in his department this Summer. No banks are breaking and everybody seems to be doing well. Only three banks failed last year, and they paid about dollar for dollar of their liabilities. The last failure occurred about a year ago.

A deputation from the National Temperance Society called on Pres. Garfield, and presented an appeal to so define the order of ex-Pres. Hayes forbidding the sale of liquors at any forts or posts as to have it include fermented as well as distilled liquors. The deputation presented petitions from 30 States and Territories, representing some 300,000 members of churches and temperance societies. Among the petitioners are Gov. Long, of Massachusetts, and Gov. St. John, of Kansas.

Gen. Walker, Superintendent of the Census, will discharge nearly 500 clerks from his office this week, owing to a lack of money to go on with the work as originally laid out. These discharges are not owing to a decrease of the work, for the present force of over 1,200 employes could be kept busy for a year or more. Much of the important work remaining to be done will have to be laid over until it is ascertained whether Congress will appropriate sufficient money next Winter for the completion of the work. Next week about 200 more clerks will be discharged, making in all about 700.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

Process for Fusing and Molding Iridium.

CINCINNATI, May 13.—Prof. W. L. Dudley delivered a lecture last night before the Scientific Section of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute, in which he made known the important discovery of a process for fusing and molding iridium, which has hitherto been practically incapable of being formed into bars. John Holland, of this City, who has long used iridium for making points of gold pens, is the discoverer. The discovery consists in applying phosphorus when the ore is brought to a white heat, and afterward eliminating the phosphorus by lime applied with great heat. The new metal has the appearance of steel, but is much harder, being next in hardness to the ruby. It will not rust, and cannot be injured by acids. Prof. Dudley stated that a bar of it had been used with gratifying success in place of the negative carbon in the electric light. It burned 60 hours without any loss in weight or any perceptible change in form. Iridium cannot be fashioned by hammering while hot, nor can it be filed. It is molded into convenient forms and then sawed or ground by rapidly revolving copper disks treated with emery and water. Great interest has been aroused by the practical discovery, and already many uses for the metal have been suggested. Besides the lamp it has been found to be superior to platinum in telegraph instruments. Prof. Dudley gave an interesting history of the experiments by chemists and others with this metal, and said it was now undergoing elaborate examination at the Cincinnati University.

ROYAL RUDOLPH.

His Full Name and Title.

VIENNA, May 11.—The full name and title of the happy bridegroom are as follows: Archduke Rudolph Francis Charles Joseph, Prince Imperial of Austria and Heir to the Throne; Prince Royal of Hungary and Bohemia; Major General and Rear Admiral; Proprietaire of the Infantry Regiment No 19; and of the Artillery Regiment No. 2; Chief of the Second Prussian Regiment of Uhlans of Brandenburg No 11; Chief of the Russian Regiment "De Slovsky" No. 34, (an honorary command conferred upon the Prince by the late Czar,) and Major General of the Prussian Regiment of Guards, "Emperor Francis Joseph," No. 22.

The Young Prince is the heir of the Hapsburgs, and husband now of the daughter of Belgian royalty. He is about 22 years of age, and quite unlike the ideal Prince in his tastes and habits of life. While yet a mere boy he exhibited a taste for travel. He also gave his attention to the study of the various branches of natural science. He is the author of several books which are no duller than some books written by persons not affected by the drawback of royal blood. He has no vices and will not bring to his bride any prospective trouble from that source.

Princess Stephanie Clotilde Louisa Hermine Marie Charlotte, is a charming young lady, just 17 years of age on the 21st of the present month. She is the second daughter of her parents, her elder sister Princess Louise Marie Amelie, Duchess of Saxony, having married Prince Phillippe, of Saxe Coburg Gotha, Duke of Saxony, in 1875.

This marriage, politically and otherwise, is very acceptable to Austria, and bids fair to be quite as happy a one as marriages average either among the Princes or people of Europe.

AARON SCOTT.

The Story of a Bottle.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., May 11.—Information is received here to-day of the probable murder of an Arkansas man in Texas. The following note, written on the leaf of an ordinary memorandum book, enclosed in a tightly corked bottle, was picked up on a sand bar of the Brazos River, near Towash Hill County, Texas, a few days ago, and forwarded here for investigation:

"January 6, 1881.

"DEAR NANCY: I am permitted by those who are about to take my life, (for nothing on earth that I have done), to write a few lines, and I trust to a kind Providence to guard this until it will reach the hands of some one who will have this published, and then you may find out what has become of me. Have not time to tell you how I came here, and they would not permit me to say anything about that, so I will just say I will die in a few minutes. So good-bye. May God take care of you and my little children. Kiss them for me. My name is Aaron Scott, and I live near Little Rock, Ark."

BUTTERFLIES AND BUGS.

Contest of Ownership.

WASHINGTON, May 13.—General Le Duc is attempting to enter the Courts of the District for the purpose of recovering for his department a lot of dried butterflies, bugs, and worms, which he declares, upon information and belief, were stolen from the Department by Prof. Riley, late Chief of the Entomological Commission. He preferred this grave complaint to the Attorney General, who turned him over to District Attorney Corkhill. The whole affair has caused a vast amount of ridicule at the City Hall at the expense of the Commissioners. There seems to be nothing to enable the attorney of the District to determine the price of these bugs, and so the question as to whether the charge shall be grand or petty larceny is one which he finds very hard for him to decide.

The only question at issue in the matter is as to whether the Department of Agriculture, or the Commission created by Congress, of which Prof. Riley is head, is the proper custodian of these bugs, and the idea of preferring charges of larceny against an officer of Prof. Riley's standing upon such facts as Le Duc was fully possessed of, would probably never have entered the head of any one but Le Duc.

Stonewall Jackson—Jeff. Davis.

NEW ORLEANS, May 11.—The ceremonies of dedicating the tombs of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia and unveiling the statue of Stonewall Jackson, which surmounts it, took place yesterday afternoon at Metairie cemetery, in the presence of several thousand visitors. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee delivered the address. The widow and daughter of Gen. Jackson were present. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, Jefferson Davis, in response to repeated calls to the stand, was enthusiastically cheered, and made a brief address.

Jefferson Davis, in his speech, said: "From the academic shades of the military institute Jackson went forth to battle for the cause of State Rights, self-government and constitutional liberty. He lived for his country, never doubting the justice of his cause, believing it was righteous and trusting in it; he died, as I live to-day, feeling that the Confederacy ought to have succeeded, because it was founded on truth and justice. He gave his life for the whole country, and the country gave its heart to Jackson. You men, upon whom he leaned in the hour of danger, in honoring him also honor yourselves."

Married His Own Niece.

CINCINNATI, May 11.—A wedding which attracted some attention from the consanguinity of the parties, occurred in this City, at Eureka hall. Nathan Meeis, of the firm of Charles Meeis & Co., was wedded to his own niece, Miss Julia Hahn, daughter of Dave Hahn, Esq. The wedding was largely attended.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

After Smoking or Chewing.

Rinse the mouth with about a wineglassful of water into which five or six drops of Horsford's Acid Phosphate have been put, after smoking or chewing; it will purify and sweeten your breath.

CONKLING-GARFIELD.

Thomas M. Nichol Comments on the Herald Article.

Sen. Conkling Contemplating Treachery in the Campaign.

NEW YORK, May 13.—Thomas M. Nichol, in a letter in the Tribune says, in effect, as follows:

A five-column article, accompanied by over a column of editorial comments, appears in the New York Herald. Being somewhat familiar with a number of the matters alluded to, I wish to make a few corrections and comments.

1. The whole article bears internal evidence of the Senator's assistance in the preparation, and who but Sen. Conkling or the President could have told the writer what passed between these two gentlemen in private conversation at Mentor? Now it is absurd to suppose that Garfield told the correspondent of the Herald such things; so a logical conclusion is that Conkling furnished the material and the inspiration.

2. The tone of the article treats the President as the tool of Mr. Blaine. Mr Blaine is not in a position to take part in the present fight; if he were, it would not be so persistently forced on to him.

HE DRUBBED MR. CONKLING

once, eighteen years ago, and that great man has never found an agreeable opportunity to renew the contest till now, when Blaine cannot reply.

3. The article directly charges Gen. Garfield with being profuse of promises during the campaign, and even of going to New York in August on purpose to make promises. Now, I happen to know something on the promise subject, and a good deal about the trip to New York. During a large part of the campaign, I had general charge of Gen. Garfield's correspondence. My general directions were to make no promises to any one. If Gen. Garfield's personal conduct was consistent with these instructions, no promises or pledges were made, beyond the general statement that he desired to treat all Republicans fairly.

As to the trip to New York, I wish to be somewhat particular. The Herald correspondent says, after describing the doleful prospect of the Republican party at the time: "Gen. Garfield, in a sort of despair, suggested a conference in the City of New York of the leading men of the party from all sections of the country." Now, the facts are, that the only man there ever were serious doubts about was Sen. Conkling, who

SUGGESTED THE NEW YORK CONFERENCE

and who pressed Gen. Garfield to assent to it and attend it. First, they urged him to attend the meeting of the National Committee in July, which he declined to do, the desire of Conkling's friends being to have him meet Mr. Conkling. After the National Committee was organized Mr. Conkling's friends still did not know whether he was going to take part in the campaign and heartily support the ticket or not; so they suggested the August conference, and insisted on Gen. Garfield's attendance, while many others were opposed to the conference, or, if it was held, were opposed to Gen. Garfield's attendance. I went to New York at Gen. Garfield's request, to see what the situation was that demanded his presence before he would decide whether to attend or not, the letters and telegrams that reached him on both sides of the case being generally vague and unsatisfactory. I was told by Sen. Dorsey, Secretary of the National Committee, that they didn't know

WHAT MR. CONKLING WAS GOING TO D

in the campaign, and that they wanted a meeting between him and Gen. Garfield, which they hoped would be satisfactory to Conkling, and at least would settle the question as to his course. Mr. Dorsey did not seek to disguise the fact that he wanted some sort of conditions as assurances before he would actively support the ticket. He desired me to urge Mr. Garfield to come, and said that he did not think Conkling would demand pledges, but he thought that he wanted to talk with Garfield on a general policy, and wanted to "have him where he could look him in the eyes." I asked Mr. Dorsey to send for Gen. Anson G. McCook and state the same facts to him, saying that if he would unite with me I would urge Gen Garfield to attend the conference. Gen. McCook was sent for. He came, and Sen. Dorsey again stated the case. McCook told him that it meant that Conkling was

CONTEMPLATING TREACHERY.

To either impose conditions before he supported the ticket or skulk and do nothing was simply treachery. Mr. Dorsey said: 'You may call it whatever you please; I have stated the facts.' The matter was discussed at considerable length, and the final result was that I agreed to return to Mentor the next day and report in favor of holding the conference and of Gen. Garfield's attending, not to make pledges or conditions with Mr. Conkling, but to thwart his treachery. That was the purpose for which Gen. Garfield attended the August conference. How well he succeeded is known to the country.

Now, the temptation is strong to indulge in some comment. The subject is suggestive, but I will indulge in only one. Suppose that all that is said about Gen. Garfield's promises and pledges, to be true, it only proves that Conkling and his followers were not willing to support a Republican ticket as loyal, honest Republicans should, but only on conditions, only for the honors and profits, the loaves and fishes. This is the self confessed, disgraceful story, hatched out and told now, after eight months of incubation, in such bombastic tones as only one man in the United States is master of. I am loth to close, as Lincoln said to other traitors in his first inaugural. There is more to say, but it will save

THOMAS M. NICHOL.

TIRED OF THE "BOSS."

A paper has been circulated in this City by leading friends of Pres. Garfield and Sec. Blaine, calling for a mass meeting in the Academy of Music, to "protest against the course pursued by Conkling and Platt, as representatives of this City and State, in endeavoring to discredit the Administration and divide the Republican party, and subject it to boss rule, and making patronage the sole aim of service in the Senate."

THROUGH THE AIR.

Pieces of Iron Weighing 250 Pounds Going Up 300 Feet.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 13.—Hill's planing mill, corner Georgia and East street, burned this morning. The building was closely packed with lumber in all degrees of manufacture. It is supposed to have caught from overheating of waste lumber in the furnace room. Loss almost total. Buildings in the vicinity were damaged somewhat. Mr. Hill places his loss at $80,000 to $100,000.

Shortly after the fire had started the fly wheel with the machinery, which was in motion at the time, snapped, and the wheel, which was of cast iron, released from control, acquired such a terrific motion that it bursted with a loud noise. One section of the wheel, weighing 100 pounds, flew through the air and fell in the Shell House coal yard across the street, and the section weighing 250 pounds and about three and a half feet long, crashed through the roof of the mill, ascended 150 feet in the air, and just grazing the comb of Mr. Hill's two story residence across the street, struck upon the roof of a two story frame woodshed in the rear, passing through the floor and out through the rear wall into the ground, falling a distance of 300 from the point at which it started. The velocity of the flying section was so great that the aperture it made in the woodshed was only a few inches in length and width greater than itself. Fo one was hurt.

"Rough on Rats."

The thing desired found at last. Ask druggists for Rough on Rats. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bed bugs. 15c boxes.

PERSECUTED JEWS.

Further Accounts of the Anti-Jewish Riots.

Jewish Quarters Burned and the Inhabitants Fleeing for Their Lives.

ST. PETERSBURG, May 13.—To-day's papers are full of accounts of the anti-Jewish riots in the South and Southwest. There was two days' rioting at Berdesoka, Government of Cheroson. Shops were pillaged and three Jewish houses were burned. There was a serious encounter between the peasants and the Village authorities at Victorowk, Government of Odessa, owing to the authorities trying to recover stolen property. Troops were dispatched there from Odessa. At Kieff troops are stationed in the streets. One person was killed and 18 wounded. There have been 1,400 arrests. The municipal council is deliberating with closed doors on measures to prevent any further disturbances. The chief ringleaders were strangers, who came from the North.

Near Jeanewika, on Tuesday, Jewish houses and shops were destroyed. There are similar accounts from many other places. Two special trains of refugee Jews have arrived at Berdickeff.

A battalion of infantry was sent from Tiraspot, Monday, to suppress the riots at Ananjeff, where all the houses of the Jews have been destroyed.

Two committees have been formed at Elizabethgrad, one composed of Jews for the assistance of individual sufferers from the violence of the mob, and the other composed of Christians to relieve families.

Four hundred persons have been arrested at Balta, where proclamations have been issued, inciting the Christian inhabitants against the Jews.

VIENNA, May 13.—A merchant of Lewberg has received a telegram from Kieff, stating that the whole of the Jewish quarters known as Podal, have been burned. Damage estimated at 30,000,000 roubles. Crowds of refugee Jews are crossing the Austrian frontier at Podaulocyska.

THE COWPENS.

The Monument Unveiled at Spartansburg.

SPARTANSBURG, S. C., May 13.—The Cowpens Monument was unveiled yesterday, in the presence of 20,000 people. Gov. Hagood presided. Rev. A. J. Porter offered prayer, reading from a prayer book found on the battlefield. Thirteen hundred South Carolina militia were reviewed by Gen. Henry Hunt, U. S. A.; Gen. A. M. Manigault, Adjutant General of South Carolina, served on Gen. Hunt's staff, and by special request, also the following descendants of the chief actor at the Cowpens: Daniel Morgan Taylor, U. S. A.; McHenry Howard, Maryland; S. B. Pickens and John B. Washington, of South Carolina.

Speeches were made by Senator Hampton, representing Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee; Thomas W. Higginson, representing New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut; and Wm. H. Francis, representing New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware.

Music was furnished by the Fifth U. S. Artillery Band. In the afternoon the citizens of Spartansburg tendered a benefit to the Washington Light Infantry; at night Gov. Hagood held a reception in honor of the guests of the State.

The granite base and pedestal of the monument were built by joint contributions of the old 13 States and Tennessee, and the bronze statue of Morgan was contributed by Congress.

MISSOURI DESPERADOS.

One Man Lynched and Others Being Hunted Down.

ST. LOUIS, May 13.—The Republican's Charleston, Mo., special says four men—Frank Brown, Jesse Meyers, Jas. Hamilton and Pat Rhodes—visited the house of Wm. Knot, five miles south of New Madris, at 8 o'clock last Monday night, with the intention of killing him and his half sister on account of an old grudge. A man named Coleman was carrying a child and walking the floor in the house. Mistaking Coleman for Knot, the party fired on him, wounding both him and the child. Warrants were issued Tuesday for the arrest of the assassins, and Sheriff Walters with a posse started in pursuit and overtook them. The latter fled to the woods, secreted themselves behind fallen trees, and fired a volley, killing Robt. Laforge. The Sheriff's party returned the fire, but receiving a second volley they retired. The desperados then robbed the dead body of Laforge of watch, money and shirt-studs, and fled. In the evening Pat Rhodes, one of the gang who had been wounded by the Sheriff's posse, came in and gave himself up. Yesterday morning a party of vigilants took him out and hung him. Hundreds of men are scouring the country in every direction for the remainder of the party, and if caught they will be served in the same manner.

Forepaugh Attacked by a Lion.

ERIE, May 13.—Forepaugh's circus showed here yesterday, and during the street parade as Forepaugh sat in a cage containing two lions and two tigers, one lion, which had been sulking all the morning, suddenly sprang on him, pinning him to the side of the cage, but Forepaugh drove him off with a pike. The lion renewed the attack, but was again defeated, and received a severe threshing. A terrible stampede of spectators occurred, in which several persons were injured, but none fatally. The circus met with several accidents here, and a collision with a freight train destroyed a $20,000 chariot.

An African Chief's Daughter.

TROY, May 13.—Elizabeth Hardin, who died at the house of her youngest son recently, was a remarkable woman. She was the daughter of Paschal Passover, an African chieftain, and was born in Africa in 1797. At the age of about 10 years she was captured, brought to America and sold as a slave at Charleston, S. C. In 1830 she escaped, and made her way to Watertown, N. Y., where she married Joshua Hardee, a half brother of Gen. Hardee, author of Hardee's Tactics, who took the name of Hardin. He had distinguished himself for his bravery at Sackett's Harbor in the war of 1812. They had 16 children, among whom there were two pairs of twins and triplets in succession.

Sec. Windom in New York.

NEW YORK, May 11.—At a banquet given by the Chamber of Commerce last night, Sec. Windom made a speech, in which he announced the success of the plan for exchanging 6 per cent. bonds for new bonds bearing 3½ per cent. interest. He said it had been done without the slightest jar to the business of the country, and at a total expense of about $2,000. He felt prepared to say that the same privilege may be extended to the owners of $440,000,000 5 per cent. bonds. He did not think it would be fair to discriminate against any portion of holders of American securities.

Anti-Monopoly.

NEW YORK, May 13.—The Anti-Monopoly League in Jersey City numbers already 3,500 active members. The purpose of the organization is to force railroads to share the burdens of local taxation. The railroad property practically exempt from taxation for municipal purposes is estimated at nearly one-half the value of all the property in the City. They hold it to be worth $60,000,000. More conservative estimates put the value at from $30,000,000 to $35,000,000.

Ayer's Hair Vigor restores the color and stimulants the growth of the hair, prevents it from falling off, and greatly increases its beauty. It has a delicate and lasting perfume, its ingredients are harmless, and for the toilet it is unequalled.

SPRING WHEAT.

Reports From the Great Wheat-growing States.

CHICAGO, May 7.—The Times has two pages of reports of Spring wheat prospects. Its analysis says the situation of affairs is satisfactory; indeed, it may be said to be highly encouraging, for the best reports come from localities where the most Spring wheat is raised and for the most part the least encouraging reports are from sections where Winter wheat has been found the more profitable.

In Minnesota, Nebraska and Dakota, which are almost wholly given up to Spring wheat, there is largely increased acreage, and the prospect is thoroughly good.

In Minnesota, which raised over 40,000,000 bushels of wheat last year, reports are uniformly of the most flattering character. In the lower Counties the acreage has doubled and the average increase for the State is 20 or 30 per cent.

The prospect for increased yield per acre is good from Nebraska, which produced about a fourth as much last year as Minnesota, whose prairies are rapidly being broken up by the great army of emigrants who are constantly pouring into the State.

In Missouri, also, Fall sowing prevails; not more than one-eighth of the wheat raised this year will be Spring sowing. Spring grain is not altogether satisfactory in some localities, but this is not true

News of the Week.

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

Number of immigrants landed in New York Wednesday, 3,193.

The Governor of New York has issued a proclamation forbidding lotteries.

Emperor William returned to Berlin today. He will inspect the Potsdam garrison to-morrow.

Edward Trickett, the oarsman, will leave London for the United States in a few days and take quarters at Saratoga.

The International Sugar Refinery Company, of Amsterdam, has failed in connection with the failure of Schroder & Co.

A Liverpool special says: J. K. Emmett, the actor, has broken his engagement and been placed in the lunatic asylum.

J. W. Stokes, freight conductor on the Missouri Pacific railroad, was knocked down by a moving car in St. Louis late last night, and was killed.

Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, has granted amnesty to all persons imprisoned for offenses arising from poverty or which were not premeditated.

The Women Suffrage amendment was defeated in the lower House of the Michigan Legislature, after a somewhat ludicrous discussion—54 to 34—67 votes being required.

The Rocky Mountain Brewery, at Denver, was completely destroyed by fire. Loss on building and stock something over $100,000. Insured among about 40 companies for about two-thirds of the loss.

Reports received at the State Agricultural Department show that during the past year the number of hogs raised in Ohio has decreased about 20 per cent., while the number of sheep has materially increased.

About 100 delegates to the Brewers National Convention, being held in Chicago, were present at the first session last evening, which was chiefly of a social character. The attendance promises to be 500.

Letters from Algiers state that remnants of Col Flatter's Sahara expedition were finally driven to take refuge in a cave, where they were starving and resorted to cannibalism. Fifteen were eaten.

An elegant new theatre, to cost $350,000, is to be erected this Summer in Boston, by Jordan, March & Co., the leading dry goods dealers of that City. In the upper stories will be studios to accommodate 30 artists.

Hon. John B. D. Cogeswell has been removed from the Receivership of the Sandwich Savings Bank, Boston, because of deficiencies in his accounts, amounting to $2,600. He was given time to refund, but failed to do so.

The Georgia railroad stockholders ratified the lease to Wm. Hodley and instructed the Directors to pay $3.50 dividend the 15th of July, and $2 50 in October; afterwards $2.50 per share to be paid quarterly, making 10 per cent. yearly.

A cable dispatch from Rome to the New York Freeman's Journal announces that on May 5th the Pope ratified the erection of a Diocese in Davenport, Ia., cut from the Diocese of Dubuque, hitherto comprising the whole State of Iowa.

A dispatch from Paris says: St. Hilaire, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, received a dispatch from the British Government laying special stress on the displeasure with which England would see so important a harbor as Bizerta in the hands of European powers.

A three-masted schooner is sunk about a mile out in the lake at Chicago. Its masts are visible above the surface of the water. As no disaster has been reported, it is believed the entire crew must have gone down with the vessel during the heavy fog that prevailed the past few days.

It is feared the labor troubles are only beginning at Montreal. Wharf hands have decided to demand 20, 25 and 30 cents per hour, instead of 15, 17½ and 20 cents paid last year. Freight conductors on the Grand Trunk Railway applied Saturday for 10 per cent. increase, which was granted. Passenger conductors are now applying for a similar advance.

Gen. Anson Stager, of Detroit, says he was the first man who received a telegraphic message by sound. He was operating in Pittsburg when Erastus Brooks bought the Gazette. One night his register broke as he was receiving the market report. He concluded to try to catch the clicks with his ears, and succeeded, much to the delight of Mr. Brooks, who was standing by his side.

The New York Bureau of Vital Statistics reports the death of Martha D. Crook, aged eight years, from cerebro spinal meningitis, produced by overstudy. Number of typhus patients on Blackwell's Island, 63; small pox patients, 156. During the week 59 new cases of small-pox and 29 new cases of typhus were found in the City. Deaths from small pox, 12; from typhus, 7.

The contract for boring a tunnel through Boston Mountain, on the Arkansas division of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad, between Fayetteville and Ft. Smith, has been awarded to Keegan & Scully. The tunnel is to be 1,550 feet long and finished by January 1, 1882. Mr. Keegan is of Louisville, and did most of the work on the Cincinnati Southern Tunnel.

The terms of the ukase, lessening peasants' rents in Russia, is now finally settled. The ukase will apply to 3,700,000 peasants, who will be relieved of a considerable portion of their annual payment on account of land, while all accumulated arrears will be remitted. All proprietors who have not yet arranged to sell holdings to the peasants, will be compelled to do so by 1883.

Information from Enola, Franklin County, Ark., says a remarkable case of poisoning occurred in the family of William Reynolds on Sunday last. It is supposed the poison was in the flour used for dinner that day. Mr. Reynolds, wife and daughter, Mrs. John Trum, Dr. Brown, a German laborer and one other person were all poisoned. Physicians pronounced the case arsenic poisoning. Doubts are entertained of the recovery of Reynolds, Brown and the German.

The President of the London Board of Trade, in reply to a question based on a letter, detailing the horrors on board an emigrant steamer, said he had communicated with the managers of five steamship lines carrying Irish emigrants, and had received emphatic denials that such circumstances were possible. He had instructed an officer to visit Liverpool and Queenstown to make special inquiries, and had asked Miss O'Brien to furnish the name of the steamer alluded to in her letter.

A box containing a patant log and two buoys, all marked "Bucentauer," have landed at Scilly. A large mast and a buoy, also marked "Bucentauer," have come ashore on the west side of Lizard. It is feared the British steamer "Bucentauer, which passed Lizard, bound westward the 6th, came in collision with the schooner "Alicia." A medicine chest marked "Alicia," has been picked up and landed at Scilly by a pilot boat.

In connection with the controversy over the publication of Carlyle's reminiscences, Froude writes the Times as follows: "The memoir of the late Mrs. Carlyle and the collection of her letters, which Carlyle had partially prepared for publication, are my personal property. They were given to me, and I am sole judge as to what parts should be printed. The memoir is published, and the letters will be. I decline to allow any persons, whether friends of the late Mr. Carlyle or of me, to be associated with me in the discharge of the trust which belongs exclusively to myself. The remaining papers, which I was directed to return to Mrs Alexander Carlyle when I had done with them, I will restore at once to any responsible person she may empower to receive them."

The California Legislature has adjourned.

Mrs. Gen. Samuel Beatty died at her home near Massillon, O., Friday night.

About 300 thoroughbreds have been entered for the Louisville Jockey Club races.

All the journals at Paris approve the ministerial statement relative to the Tunisian affair.

The machinery of a glucose factory at Buffalo is to be removed to Peoria, at an expense of $50,000.

B. Lincoln, a Boston dealer in canned goods, has failed for a large amount, some say as high as $750,000.

The Supreme Court of Nevada has declared unconstitutional the lottery bill passed by the last Legislature.

The Ohio State Board of Equalization has voted to reduce the grand duplicate 6 per cent. for the whole State.

Gen. Grant has signed a new contract with the Mexican Government embracing the extended Mexican Southern Railway.

The clearing house reports from 20 of the chief Cities show that the exchanges for the first week in May were the largest on record.

Rear Admiral Worden, the hero of the naval battle in Hampton Roads, is visiting his mother and brothers at Grand Rapids, Michigan.

It is rumored that the Grand Trunk road desires to obtain possession of that portion of the Michigan Air-line between Pontiac and Jackson.

Samuel Hamilton, a well-known steamboat builder of Cincinnati, who fitted out several of the Mississippi river gunboats during the war, is dead.

At Pottsville, Pa., by an explosion of sulphur at Palmer vein colliery, two miners, John O'Hara and Daniel Dougherty, were fatally burned.

The freight sheds of the Hamilton & Northwestern Railway at Hamilton, Ont., with contents, burned Saturday morning. Loss, $75,000.

A Hillsbore special reports that lightning killed James Ross and four horses near there yesterday. Ross was a farmer, and took refuge under a tree.

The Chicago liquor house of Lawrence & Martin has failed for over $57,000. They were the proprietors of the medicine known as "Tolu Rock and Rye."

The theatrical people of Cincinnati are indignant because Mayor Means issued a license to Bob. Ingersoll to lecture on Sunday night on "Noted Infidels."

In Spartanburg County, S. C., Berryman W. Hicks killed his wife, first shooting her and then cutting her throat. He made two attempts at suicide by cutting his own throat. He was arrested.

The North Chicago Rolling Mill Company has increased its capital stock from $2,000,000 to $5,000,000, in order to consolidate with it the North Chicago Steel Company, which had a capital stock of $2,000,000.

The Government of Mexico has given permission to the Central Railroad to begin work on the Elpaso, Del Norte & Sonora Railway. Gen. Grant has appointed engineers to make a preliminary survey of the Mexican Southern.

A telegram from Moscow states the Government intends to send a special mission to Cabul to congratulate Ameer Abdurr Abman Kahn on his accession. The mission will be empowered to regulate a new commercial treaty with Afghanistan.

The $10,000 subsidy asked for the Fort Worth & Denver Railroad has been raised, securing the southern terminus of the road to Fort Worth beyond a doubt. Track-laying on the Missouri Pacific began yesterday, and is now proceeding southward.

The highest temperatures reported during Friday were as follows: Lynchburg and Augusta, 96 degrees; Washington and Baltimore, 95 degrees; Philadelphia and Wilmington, 93 degrees; Norfolk, Chattanooga, Memphis, Atlanta and Pittsburg, 90 degrees.

The London Times has a long editorial on the Tunis difficulty, and arraigns the French Minister of Foreign Affairs for duplicity and double dealing. It says the action of France will weaken the sympathy and friendship entertained towards her by England.

A Paris correspondent says: "It is doubtful whether France will tolerate even the dispatch of a Turkish Commission to Tunis or Tripoli frontier, as the sole object and result would be to create agitation which would retard the settlement of the question."

Both houses of the Michigan Legislature have passed an amendment to the liquor-tax bill, whereby the tax on retail sellers of malt liquors is raised to $200, and distilled liquors to $300. Wholesale malt liquors dealers' tax is raised to $200, and on distilled liquors to $500.

William Long and wife, living near Bowling Green, Ky., went to church last Sunday, leaving four young children at home alone. The youngest, aged 2, had a fit, and the oldest, aged 8, to relieve it, poured its mouth full of turpentine. The child died in a few minutes.

Russian securities are two to three per cent. lower. The Czar's manifesto and the resignation of the Liberal Ministers fell like a thunderbolt on the people of St. Petersburg. It is expected that the Nihilists will promptly publish a counter proclamation, and the issue will be joined.

The Sultan thinks his rights are being violated and his prestige lowered before the Mehomedan world by the invasion of Tunis, and is very anxious to do something that would at least conceal his weakness. Hence, the sending of Shiek Tafler to Tunis as an Imperial Commissioner.

Employes of the Grand Trunk car shops at Montreal are on a strike for higher wages. The Superintendent says the rush of business is over and the Compsny can shut up the shops for two months without inconvenience, and if the men do not return at the old wages the shops will be closed.

A special from Owingsville, Bath county, Ky., reports great excitement in that region over what is called a prayer cure, and relates that James W. Powell, son-in law of ex-Congressman John Young, was cured suddenly and restored to full health and vigor last Friday evening by prayer, after suffering more than a year from a dreadful malady.

Col. John W. Forney lectured last night before the Tammany Society in Tammany Hall, on "The life and services of Thomas Jefferson." Gen. Daniel E. Sickles followed, and described the present office holders as miserable office brokers, the only question being as to whether Conkling or Blaine was the bigger man. John Kelly, Tammany Chieftain, made the closing address.

A dispatch from New Castle, Natal, says: There has been a battle near Lichtenberg between the Caffre chiefs Montesls and Mocsba. The latter, who is a friend of the Boers, and who was defeated with heavy loss, says his adversary was assisted by 60 Europeans. It is reported the Boers are preparing to assist Mocsbo. It has been arranged that a British officer shall go to warn both parties to abstain from hostilities.

The annual report of the American Bible Society, shows receipts for the year of $606,484. The combined results for all agencies of the Society for Supplying the Destitute are as follows: Families visited 691,545; families found with Scriptures, 118,661; destitute families supplied, 84,191; individual in addition, 42,915, and Sabbath Schools supplied, 94. The total circulation in foreign lands was 340,854 copies. The gratuitous work for the year amounted to $342,585.

The Porte continues sending troops to Thessaly, and is hastening the construction of fortifications along the entire frontier. Austrian agents in Thessaly, Epirus and Macedonia are urging the Walloch population to protest against annexation. Kerwish Pasha, Turkish commander, is offering terms to Albanians on condition that they will prepare a descent to Thessaly and oppose the Hellenick occupation. There is a general belief that the frontier question can only be settled by war.

THE SEAT OF WAR.

Resignation of Senators Roscoe Conkling and T. C. Platt.

DEATH SHALL NOT DIVIDE THEM.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—The Vice President laid before the Senate the following communication:

WASHINGTON, May 16, 1881.

SIR: Will you please announce to the Senate that my resignation as Senator of the United States from the State of New York has been forwarded to the Governor of that State?

I have the honor to be,
With great respect,
Your obedient servant,
ROSCOE CONKLING.

To Hon. C. A. Arthur, Vice President.

This communication was received with great sensation, which was hightened when the Vice President laid the following before the Senate:

SENATE CHAMBER, May 16, 1881.

To Hon. C. A. Arthur, Vice President:

SIR: I have forwarded to the Governor of New York my resignation as Senator of the United States for the State of New York. Will you please announce the fact to the Senate?

With great respect,
Your obedient servant,
T. C. PLATT.

A hum of astonishment followed the reading of the communication, and Sen. Hill, of Georgia, suggested, *sotto voce*, that this would be a good time to elect officers of the Senate.

THE GREAT SENSATION.

The official notification to the Senate to day that the resignation of Sens. Conkling and Platt had been forwarded to the Governor of New York took everybody by surprise. A Western Associated press reporter mixed among Senators to get opinions. The surprise was so complete that the Senators hadn't time to form opinions, and generally expressed conjectures and surmises. One Republican Senator said that Conkling and Platt had better be re-elected by the New York Legislature, now in session, and that will be claimed as the end or settlement of their opposition to Robertson at the hands of the Republican party of New York. Republicans all feel sure of Conkling's re election, but some few have doubts about Platt.

DEMOCRATIC SENATORS

universally express gratification at the resignation. They say it widens the breach in the Republican party of New York and increases the bitterness of the Stalwarts toward the Administration. The Democrats now have a majority of the Senate, but so far as can be learned, no attempt will be made toward re forming the committees.

Pendleton, chairman of the Democratic caucus, said no such action will be thought of; that the committees will remain as now organized.

A rumor quickly got in circulation that the Kellogg case might be brought up by the Democrats, in order to oust him, but this was officially put down by Democratic leaders, who say they will go on, as now organized, with business as rapidly as possible and will adjourn as soon as the President has nothing more for them to do.

NEITHER CONKLING OR PLATT

were at the Senate to-day. An ex-Senator, a close friend of Conkling, says that the resignation are absolute, and that nothing could procure their withdrawal now. Supporters of Conkling state that the resignations were offered because the New York Senators feel they have been badly treated by the Administration; that Robertson's nomination was made at the instigation of Blaine to put Conkling down; that both Senators protested against this warfare against the regular Republican organization of New York, but all their efforts failed. Republican Senators refused to help them maintain the Republican party of the Empire State, and rather than remain to be put down and insulted both Senators resigned. This is the

STROKE OF POLICY

which it has been rumored Conkling had in view. Robertson will be promptly confirmed now.

ANOTHER CAUCUS.

Soon after the adjournment of the Senate the Republican Senators went into caucus for the purpose, it is understood, of determining what course shall be pursued in regard to action on the Robertson case and other contested nominations, and also to consider the subject of adjournment. It is generally believed the nomination of Judge Robertson will be brought before the Senate for final action during the next few days, and that the Senate will adjourn sine die towards the close of this week.

Neither Conkling nor Platt has been at the Capitol to-day, and in the absence of any authoritative explanation from them the motives and meaning of their resignations are left subject to mere speculation and conjecture.

RESULT OF THE CAUCUS.

WASHINGTON, May 17.—The Republican caucus yesterday afternoon, with only four dissenting votes, decided to bring the Robertson case before the Senate for action forthwith and procure the adjournment of the Senate sine die this week.

THE END OF THE ROBERTSON FIGHT.

The Senate Committee on Commerce this morning decided to report in favor of confirming the nomination of Judge Robertson as Collector of the Port of New York; Gen. Merritt, as Consul General at London, and Gen. Badeau, Charge d'Affairs at Denmark. These nominations will be reported back to the Senate during to day's executive session, but will doubtless be laid over under the general rule until to-morrow.

ROBERTSON REPORTED.

The nominations of Judge Robertson, Gen. Merritt and Gen. Badeau were then reported back from the Committee on Commerce, and placed on the calendar, with the Committee's recommendation for confirmation. They will be called up for action to-morrow. Sens. Cameron, (Wis.), McMillon, (Minn.), and Jones (Nev.) Republican members of the Commerce Committee, all voted against reporting in favor of the confirmation of Robertson.

THE ACTION OF THE NEW YORK SENATE

in adjourning before receiving notification of the resignation yesterday is construed here as an unfavorable indication for Conkling. That action postpones the election a week longer than would have been necessary had both Houses received official notification yesterday. Senators all agree, too, that the Senate will adjourn this week unless the President should have some business to detain it.

WILD RUMORS.

The theory which has been advanced that Sens. Platt and Conkling are quite confident of being returned by the New York Legislature is very generally accepted; but in some quarters it is maintained that on account of the legislature having heretofore endorsed the nomination of Robertson, it cannot consistently endorse the action of the two Senators in opposing it. All sorts of rumors are afloat regarding other resignations, which are to follow.

VICE-PRESIDENT ARTHUR

being among those mentioned in this connection. There is, however, no apparent foundation for the reports.

PRESIDENT PRO TEM. OF THE SENATE.

The necessity of providing for the election of a President of the Senate pro tem. before the close of the session was also brought to the attention of the Republican caucus yesterday, and as the Democrats now constitute a majority of that body, it was agreed to notify them that the Republicans will consider Sen. Harris, of Tennessee, as an acceptable choice for the position, and will cheerfully acquiesce in his election.

ROBERTSON FOR SENATOR.

There is talk of the possible defeat of Conkling and Platt by combining the independent and Robertson Republicans and Democrats in the Legislature, and the indications are that such attempt will be made. To make such a fight, the Republican opponents of Conkling would have to refuse to go into caucus. In talking this over, it has been claimed that in such a fight, Mr. Conkling would get some Democratic votes, but telegrams received here to-day by prominent Democrats from New York City say that Conkling would not get a single Democratic vote if Roberson should be his opponent. This dispatch has created the rumor that Robertson will run against Conkling, and while this has no foundation, except the telegram referred to, it is deemed probable in some circles that the contest may be brought to an issue by a race of Conkling and Robertson for the Senatorship.

SENATOR SHERMAN

Said Conkling and Platt's course would not hurt the Republican party in New York or elsewhere, but added that Conkling had been a colleague of his and would be again soon, and he would not criticise him.

Some of Conkling's friends among the Republican Senators criticise his action as unwise, and one Senator said it was puerile, because Conkling has counted noses in the New York Legislature and is confident of re-election. One of the coolest Senators on the Republican side, who is an admirer of Mr. Conkling, said to the Western Associated Press reporter that the Republican sentiment condemned Conkling's resignation as childish and trifling; that even Conkling's friends took this view; that if the resignation had been offered upon some great issue he would be sustained; but that resign because displeased with an appointment looks like trifling. Sen. Kellogg, who has been counted among Conkling's supporters, spoke of the resignation as unwise and foolish.

NOT OF THE RESIGNING KIND.

It is currently reported that Postmaster General James was urged to resign as a mark of his condemnation of the administration, but he refused. He says that he has no idea of resigning.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

Gen. Schenck 10 years ago bought lots in Washington for 25 cents a foot, which are now worth $1.50 a foot.

Sen Edmunds has gone to Vermont; and will not return until the opening of the next session of Congress in December.

Popular rumor says Prof. James Monroe, of Oberlin, is to be tendered the Ministership to Rome. Mr. Marsh is to be recalled.

Sec. Blaine has purchased 55 acres of coal land in Washington County, Pennsylvania, at $90 an acre. He owns other large coal tracts in the same county.

It is said that Gen. Sheridan, who so good naturedly made way for Douglass a few days since, is to be made Consul to Hamilton, Ontario, vice J. H. A. Smith, of Ohio, who is to be made Register of Deeds for the District.

PUBLIC OPINION

As Expressed by New York Politicians.

NEW YORK, May 17.—Thurlow Weed expressed great surprise over the news. He thought the action of the Senators had not improved matters.

John Kelley expressed the following opinion: "The resignation of Sen. Conkling will show conclusively his strength in the Republican party. I do not believe his and Sen. Platt's resignation will be accepted."

"If Sen. Conkling's resignation be accepted, do you think his political power will be injured?"

"There have been such cases in the history of American politics in which leaders have managed to regain, by their own personal influence and prestige, the position in the party of which they were deprived by loss of patronage. Such were Henry Clay on the Whig side and Silas Wright on the other. What Sen. Conkling's chances to do this are I do not know."

Abram S. Hewitt, Democrat, said although he thought it would be good party policy for the Democrats to aid in confirming Robertson, he had been inclined to sympathize with Conkling in this matter simply because he fovored anything which seemed like a check upon the growing power of the Executive. He himself was approached during the last campaign by the representative of a man who offered to give $250,000 to the Democratic campaign fund if he was promised the place of Secretary of the Treasury. The reply given was that the Democratic party was not fighting for that sort of thing, but to destroy just such practices. He sympathized with Sen. Conkling's position as tending to preserve the balance of power. The President should not make bargains with Senators, but in this particular case the bargain was not made, and the Senator was resisting the Executive power, already greater than was desirble."

Gen. Woodford, United States District Attorney, when informed of the resignation of Conkling and Platt, turned pale, then red, and finally a hue that was decidedly green. His eyes opened wide he stared at the reporter, and with an effort and a nervous, violent twitching of his fingers, inquired in a supressed tone: "Are you positive? Can there be no mistake?"

"The news has been confirmed; there is no possibility of a mistake," answered the reporter.

"Well," said the General, looking out of the window, "I am surprised, shocked."

Collector Merritt said he would like to have the report confirmed before expressing an opinion, and when the reporter said the official information had been sent from Washington said it would be better not to talk on the subject, as he was too much astonished with the news.

Col Burt, Naval officer, said he was completely dumbfounded, but not being a politician he could not say anything on the case. He believed it was the first event of this kind in the history of the United States and could not see what the result was likely to be.

Not a Blockade.

Although the U. S. Senate has done very little business for some time, the people are rushing along regardless of the blockade. The business for April is unprecedented with the Elkhart Carriage and Harness M'f'g Co., of Elkhart, Ind. More large manufacturers who deal direct with the consumer at a small profit is what the country needs. This concern ships anywhere with privilege of examining before paying one cent. Best oak-tanned, all hand sewed, buggy harness, $8.50 to $30; best farm harness, $25. Platform spring wagons, $75, same as others sell for $120. Other buggies in proportion. Catalog and price list free. Address

W. B. PRATT, Secretary.
Elkhart, Ind.

FELLOWS'

SYRUP.

Its first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion and causes the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It also, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. The rapidity with which patients take on flesh while under the influence of the Syrup, of itself indicates that no other preparation can be better adapted to help and nourish the constitution, and hence be more efficacious in all depression of spirits, shaking or trembling of the hands or body, cough, shortness of breath, or consumptive habit. The nerves and muscles become strengthened, and the blood purified.

The various kinds of waste or decay that affect the human body, though attended each with some symptom not common with the rest, agree very much in this, that the basis in all is nearly the same. It is generally conceded that the majority of diseases are accompanied by faulty digestion; and such being the case, we must, in order to cure such diseases, cause the organs of digestion to perform their proper functions. No remedy has before been discovered which has so beneficial an influence on these organs as Fellows' Compound Syrup Hypophosphites.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

TOLEDO, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, May 18, 1881.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 4 per cent. Prime mercantile paper at 4@4½ per cent. Bar, silver, 112¾c. Exchange weak at 483¼ for 60 days, and 487¼ for sight. Government Bonds firm for 6's and 5's and ¼@¾ per cent. lower for 4's and 4's. State Bonds dull. Railroad Bonds in fair demand. Stocks—Speculation continued strong up to the noon board, when prices showed a further advance of ¾@⅞ per cent., the latter in Texas Pacific.

Government bonds—1881 coupons, 103¼; new fives, coupons, 103¾; new four-and-a-halfs, coupons, 116; new fours, registered, 117; Pacific 6s of 95, 131 bid.

The United States Treasurer holds $355,984,000 in United States bonds to secure bank circulation. United States bonds deposited for circulation for the week, $12,965,750. United States bonds held for circulation withdrawn for the week, $11,689,250. National bank note circulation outstanding, $352,710,161; gold notes, $1,699,225. The customs receipts at Washington on Monday amounted to $448,474, and the internal revenue receipts to $586,057. The Treasurer received $175 000 in National bank notes for redemption; the total of such receipts for the week, compared with the same week of 1880, being as follows:

	1880.	1881.
New York	$1,392,000	$ 682 000
Boston	91 000	53,000
Philadelphia	70,000	170 000
Miscellaneous	480,000	704,000
Total	$1,973,000	$1,609,000

The statement of the Associated banks of New York for the week is as follows:

Loans, increase	$ 6,880,900
Specie, increase	3,941,300
Legal tenders, increase	1,109,500
Deposits, increase	1,158,450
Circulation, increase	67,300
Reserve, increase	1,704,575

The Banks now hold $14,817,300 in excess of legal requirements.

Up to the 12th of May 148 million in six per cents. had been received for continuance. Seventeen millions more are in the Treasurer's office uncounted. There are no returns from the London agency yet. Sec. Windom issued the following circular on the 12th inst., it being the 30th call, with provisions for continuance of five per cent. bonds:

"Notice is hereby given that the principal and accrued interest of five per cent. coupon bonds issued under the acts of July 14, 1870, and January 20, 1871, now outstanding and uncalled, will be paid at the Treasury in Washington the 12th of August next, and interest on said bond ceases on that day. None of these bonds will hereafter be exchanged for registered bonds bearing five per cent. interest; provided, however, in case any holders request bonds continued during the pleasure of the Government, with interest at 2½ per centum per annum in lieu of their payment at the date specified, such request will be granted if the bonds are received by the Secretary of the Treasury for that purpose on or before the first of July."

The Secretary announces until the date mentioned (July 1st), he will receive for continuance in like manner, subject to like conditions, any uncalled 5 per cent. registered bonds to an amount not exceeding $250,000,000, the remainder of the loan being reserved with a view to its payment from surplus revenues. Foreign holders may have bonds continued as provided upon their receipt at the London agency. Upon surrender of bonds with a request for continuance the Secretary will return to the owners registered bonds of same loan with the fact of continuance stamped upon them. Upon receipt of bonds to be continued the interest thereon to August 12, 1881, will be prepaid at the rate the bonds now bear. Registered bonds should be assigned to the Secretary of the Treasury for continuance, and when received for continuance they will be accepted for that purpose in the order of their receipt. The Department will pay no expense of transportation on bonds received, but bonds returned will be sent by prepaid registered mail unless the owners otherwise direct. All bonds, whether intended for payment or continuance, should be forwarded to "the Secretary of the Treasury, loan division," with a letter of transmission setting forth the purpose for which they are transmitted. If for continuance the package should be marked, "bonds for continuance." The amount of coupon bonds now outstanding is $120,000,030; total registered 5 per cents., $325,000,000.

Since the BLADE went to press last week the commercial situation has greatly improved, and the outlook is encouraging. The industrial condition is comfortable. The financial situation is all that could be desired, and a long period of uninterrupted activity may be anticipated.

DRY GOODS.

The market for dry goods during the past week was not marked by anything more than a moderate movement. In the East as well as West there has been a steady call for seasonable fabrics, at unchanged figures, and on account of the extremely warm weather lawns were quite prominent among the takings. It is agreed on all hands that, while at no period of the season of 1881 there has been no rush to buy goods, the result of the sales has been quite satisfactory. Notwithstanding the seeming lull or quietude prevailing, there is a gradual improvement in tone being developed. In some lines of goods, as a matter of course, stocks are apparently quite full, especially in the lower grades of cottons, and prices for the same are still somewhat easy in tone, but even with all this, the feeling generally is more confident and the outlook more encouraging and hopeful. In the better grades of cottons supplies are generally well placed up, and stocks are in a fair condition, with current prices ruling comparatively steady. Although the sultriness of the Summer is almost upon us, and will be, as usual, accompanied with an interim of some weeks of quietude in the package movement of cottons, there is but little fear of any very great accumulations of goods in the meantime, as manufacturers and commission merchants both appear to be pursuing a very prudent and conservative course. In the most desirable cotton fabrics, both seasonable and staple, the situation with agents generally inclines more to the satisfactory side than otherwise. For less desirable goods the case is probably somewhat different, but yet no worse, if as bad, as in other years at this time, when the market was oversupplied with trashy stuff, which few cared to buy unless at bargains. Buyers, however, seem to be more particular this season, and largely give the preference to the better grades of cottons, hence the situation seems to be the reverse of last year, from the fact that in the present one the finer qualities continue firmer, steadier in price and better sold up. However, of late, there has seemingly been a little better undercurrent to the lower grades of brown, bleached and colored fabrics. If the home demand for domestics has been moderate, the export inquiry, nevertheless, continues very fair, and in excess of this time last year.

LUMBER.

The lumber trade has been of increased proportions within the week just closed. The demand for dry lumber for building purposes has been quite active. Prices are steady and unchanged. Receipts of lumber at different lake ports from the mills have shown a rapid increase.

HARDWARE, ETC.

Hardware of all kinds is firm. Building material and mechanics' tools are in active inquiry. The outlook is promising for a largely increased business in the goods named over that of last year.

The American Manufacturer says that dealers report no improvement whatever in pig iron at Pittsburg, nor is the dullness confined to any particular classes of iron. It embraces every description.

GROCERIES.

Advices by telegraph from New York, say: Sugars quiet at the advance. Coffees easy. Teas weak. Fruits steady.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

The Shoe and Leather Reporter says: In Boston the general boot and shoe trade does not show that animation that the presence of 50 or 60 buyers would lead manufacturers to expect; yet there has been in the aggregate a large number of orders placed for seasonable goods. There is nothing in the condition of trade that will warrant a change in prices. In New York the bright weather has had a favorable effect upon all branches of trade during the past week. The consumptive demand for boots and shoes has set in actively, and has gone a long way toward clearing out the supplies that dealers had on hand. Low-cut shoes and all styles of light goods, both for ladies and gentlemen, have been in active request. In Philadelphia the trade has been only fair.

WOOL.

The Boston Wool Circular of Gray, Dewey, Gould & Co. says of the Wool market: The business of the week foots up a larger aggregate than we anticipated, but the aggregate of sales is not a true index of the market. Some considerable California wool has been sold to arrive, and some desirable lots of washed fleeces and pulled wools have been placed by a comparatively few houses, while most of the trade have found the market about as dull as any previous week for some time past. The continued movement in California, and the high prices asked for new wool at all points where it has made an appearance, fail to have any influence on prices here. While holders are willing to meet the market and close up old stocks at lower prices than wool can be placed here from any point, buyers fail to respond, and are as indifferent about purchasing as at any time. The London sales opened on the 10th, and reports so far are contradictory. In Kentucky, Georgia and Missouri, very little has been done as yet. In unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces there has been a fair business doing. Pulled wools have been in demand.

The sales of the week indicate prices as follows: Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces, X, XX, XXX and No. 1, 38@44c; Michigan X and medium, 37½@41½c; Wisconsin X and medium, 37@42c; combing and delaine, 40@45c; Territory, 16@35c; unwashed and unmerchantable fleeces, 14@35c; California spring, 25@28½c; California fall, 14@24c; super and X pulled, 28@45c; scoured, 50@80c; nofis. 27@65c.

TOBACCO.

For Western leaf there is a steady inquiry. Western leaf—hogs, light, 4½@5¼c; heavy, 5@6¼c; common leaf, light, is worth 5½@6¼c; heavy, 6@7¾; Medium leaf, light, 7@8½c; heavy, 7¾@9¼c; Good leaf, light, 8@10c; heavy, 9¼@12c; Fine leaf, light, 9¼@11c; heavy, 11@12c; selections, light, 12@13½c; heavy, 16@14c. Seedleaf, crop of 1879—New England, Havana seed, 18@25; common wrappers, 13@15c; medium do., 16@20; fine do., 25@35c; do selection, do., 37½@45c. Pennsylvania—assorted lots, low, 11@13c; do. fair, 14@18c; do. fine, 21@23c; wrappers, 18@45c; fillers, 6@7½c. Ohio—assorted lets, 7@10c; wrappers, 12@18c. Wisconsin—assorted lots 6@9c; Havana seed, 14@18c; wrappers, 10@15c. Prices quoted are paid in New York.

COAL.

It was supposed that when warm weather would come there would be a reduction in the price of anthracite coal, but such has not been the case. The combination formed the owners of mines is evidently a success. There are no signs of lower values ruling. The mines are operated only three days a week, which prevents a surplus. This state of affairs may lead to discontent among the miners which will result in a strike, which will inure to the benefit of the monopolists. There seems to be no disposition on the part of the combination to resume full time at the mines. Bituminous coal has undergone no change.

OIL.

It is said there are deposits of coal oil in Wyoming Territory exceeding in importance those of Pennsylvania. Oil wells are now being worked in Sweetwater county, where it is said that 50,000 barrels a day can be produced as soon as there is a market for it. The oil is of excellent quality, fit for use as a lubricator without any preparation. The Union Pacific uses it. A refinery is to be built this year on the line of rail way.

HIDES—LEATHER.

The hide market is without particular feature. There has been a fair business done at leading points, but prices are about the same as last week.

The BLADE'S telegraph dispatch from London this morning, regarding the markets, is as follows:

LONDON, May 16.—The Mark Lane Express in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says: Dry, harsh winds during the week have materially reduced the crop prospects, and a change, unless it comes shortly, will be too late to save the Spring wheat, which begins to look yellow. Altogether, the season is among the latest recorded. Trade continues chronically dull, and rates since Monday have been slowly declining. There was a better inquiry for red wheats Friday on account of the preponderance of white in foreign imports. Foreign trade nominal; rates of Wednesday unchanged. On Friday they declined 1s., buyers only satisfy their present necessities, although holding a strong position. Supplies are much smaller and chiefly from America.

The BLADE'S remarks of last week are quite applicable to the present wheat situation, so far as the winter wheat is concerned. The weather for the past seven days has been all that could have been desired for the rapid growth of the cereal crop, and the outlook is encouraging for the wheat maturing most satisfactory in plumpness. The Spring wheat seeding has been done under favorable conditions, and the outlook is satisfactory. In Minnesota, Nebraska and Dakota the acreage of Spring wheat has been largely increased. In Wisconsin there has been a decrease in the acreage sown, the nearest estimate being about 20 to 25 ⅌ cent. In Minnesota in some of the new counties the acreage of Spring wheat has been doubled, and the average increase of the State is about 20 to 25 per cent. A correspondent of a Chicago house writes as follows: "Some time ago we placed the shortage in Spring wheat acreage at 25 ⅌ cent., but we now think 10 per cent. a liberal estimate, and, had it not been for the floods, think chances were in favor of an increased acreage, notwithstanding the late season. The cry of late season and short winter wheat crops will and has stimulated the farmers to put in every acre possible and this will of itself go far toward making up an average. We had estimated the Spring wheat in farmers' hands and country warehouses at 10,000,000 to 81,000,000 bushels, that would be shipped to Lake Michigan ports up to harvest. We are now satisfied that the heavy flour manufacture has cut into this amount largely, and instead of wheat we are getting flour. Many are apt to lose sight of the immense quantity of wheat exported in the shape of flour, making just so much wheat less, necessary to carry Europe through to the new crop." Corn planting is proceeding under the most satisfactory conditions.

Special reports from London and Liverpool are as follows:

LONDON, May 17—1:00 P. M.—Arrived Wheat and Corn quiet but firm. To arrive Wheat, not much doing. To arrive Corn rather easier. Red Winter Wheat off coast 8d up. Corn to arrive off coast 3d lower. Country markets rather dull.

LIVERPOOL, May 17—1:00 P. M.—Wheat and Corn in better tone. Cargoes off coast for United Kingdom and Continent—Wheat and Corn in moderate demand.

At to-day's session of the Toledo Produce Exchange there was a little better trade in cash Wheat than on yesterday and an advance was established. Spot Amber, 114@114½c, latter to close. This grade of Wheat did not sell yesterday.

In White Wheat there was no thing done.

Red Wheat for present delivery was a little irregular but higher. No. 2 Red Wabash opened at 114½c, and fluctuating between that price and 114c, finally closed at 114½c, 1c advance. As compared with last Tuesday, this grade of Wheat is worth precisely the same price. No. 3 Wheat, 111c, 111½c and then 111c, ½c higher. No. 2 Red Mixed Wheat, 111½c. Rejected Wheat, no change at 100c.

In options of No. 2 Red Wabash the trade was larger than at yesterday's session, and a slight gain was made. Seller May opened and closed a 113⅞c, with a sale in the interim at 114c, which is an improvement of ⅝c. Seller June, 113c, ⅝c higher. Seller July started at 108⅝c and closed at 109½c, ⅝c up. Seller August, 105c, 103½c and 100c respectively, ⅝c stronger. Seller the year, 105¾c, 1c stiffer. As compared with Tuesday, a week since, the May option is ⅝c higher, the June ¾c, the July ⅝c and the August ⅝c.

There was a pretty active market for cash Corn, and values showed a small gain over yesterday. High-mixed, 46½c, ½c higher. No.